

JANUARY  
No.52

10¢



# CRACK COMICS

*Captain*  
**TRIUMPH**  
battles a  
new menace,  
*The* **PORCUPINE!**





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# NOW! ALL 5 FAMOUS JOWETT COURSES IN 1 COMPLETE MUSCLE BUILDING VOLUME! FOR ONLY 25¢

MAKE ME PROVE—  
I can make YOU  
**COMMANDO  
-TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says *George F. Jowett*  
whom experts call the  
**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**



AND MY PHOTO BOOK  
OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

**FREE!**

"The Jowett System  
is the greatest in the  
world!" says R. F. Kelly,  
Physical Director  
Atlantic City.

## Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

### PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man". Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

**READ** What These Famous Pupils Say About Jowett. Why Don't You Follow in Their Footsteps!

A.  
PASSAMONT  
Jowett-trained  
athlete who was  
named America's  
first prize-winner  
for Physical Perfection.



REX  
FERRIS  
Champion  
Strength  
Athlete of  
South Africa.  
Says he: "I  
owe every-  
thing to  
Jowett meth-  
ods!" Look  
at this chest  
—then consider  
the value of  
the Jowett  
Courses!

## 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 25c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

## Send for Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

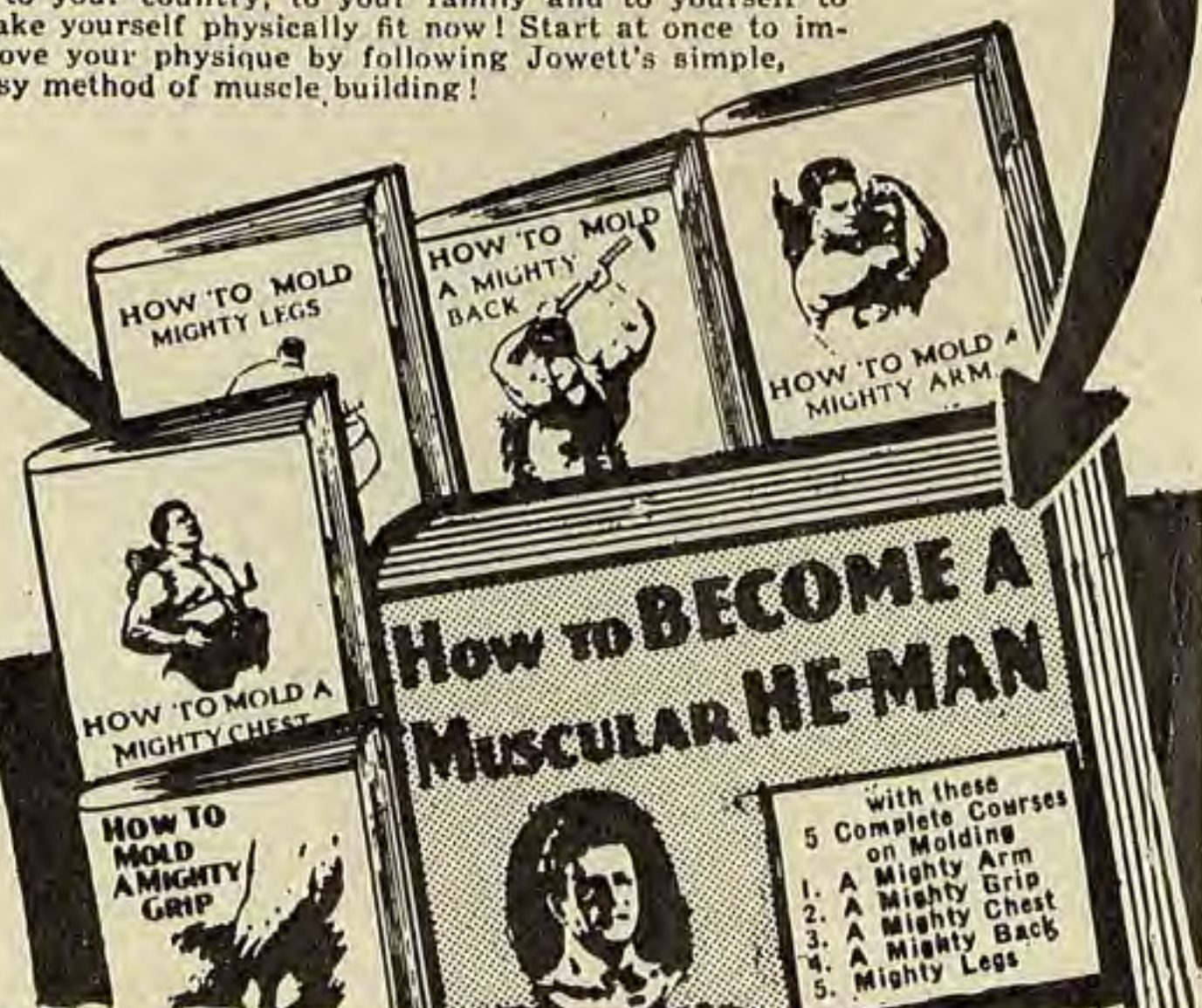
This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

**FREE!**



**BUILD A BODY  
YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!**  
I am making a drive for thousands of  
new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST!  
So Get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses  
All in 1 great complete volume FOR ONLY

**PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!** 25¢  
At last all 5 of Jowett's, World-Famous Muscle-Building Courses are available in one great complete volume to thousands of readers of this publication at the "get-acquainted", extremely low price of only 25c! You owe it to your country, to your family and to yourself to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle building!



George F.  
Jowett  
Champion of  
Champions

## FREE GIFT COUPON!

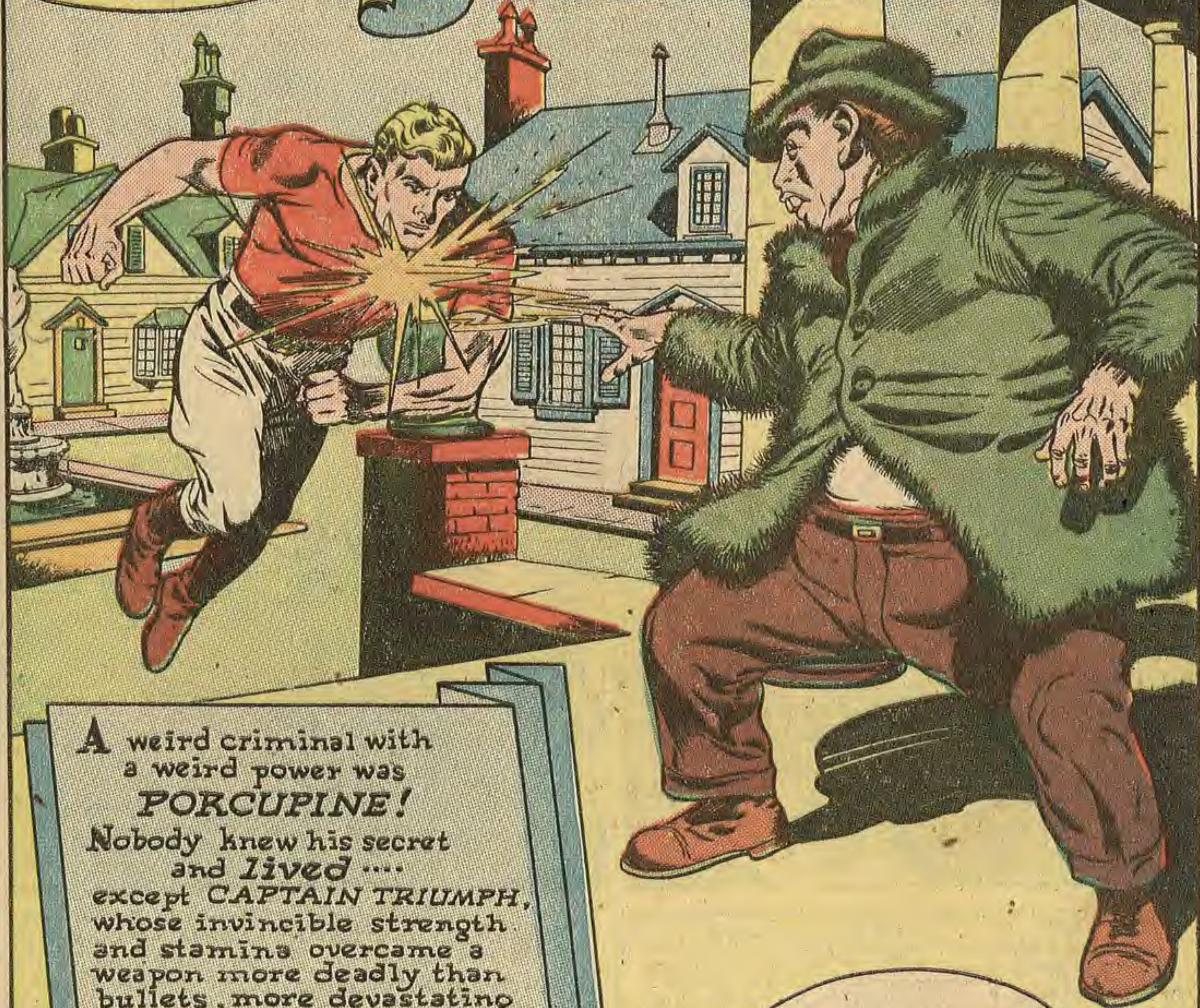
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230 Fifth Ave., Dept. G-81 New York 1, N. Y.  
George F. Jowett:—Please send by return mail,  
prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men,  
along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Mold-  
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3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty  
Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One  
Volume "How to Become a Muscle He-Man". En-  
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NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
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# Captain

# TRIUMPH



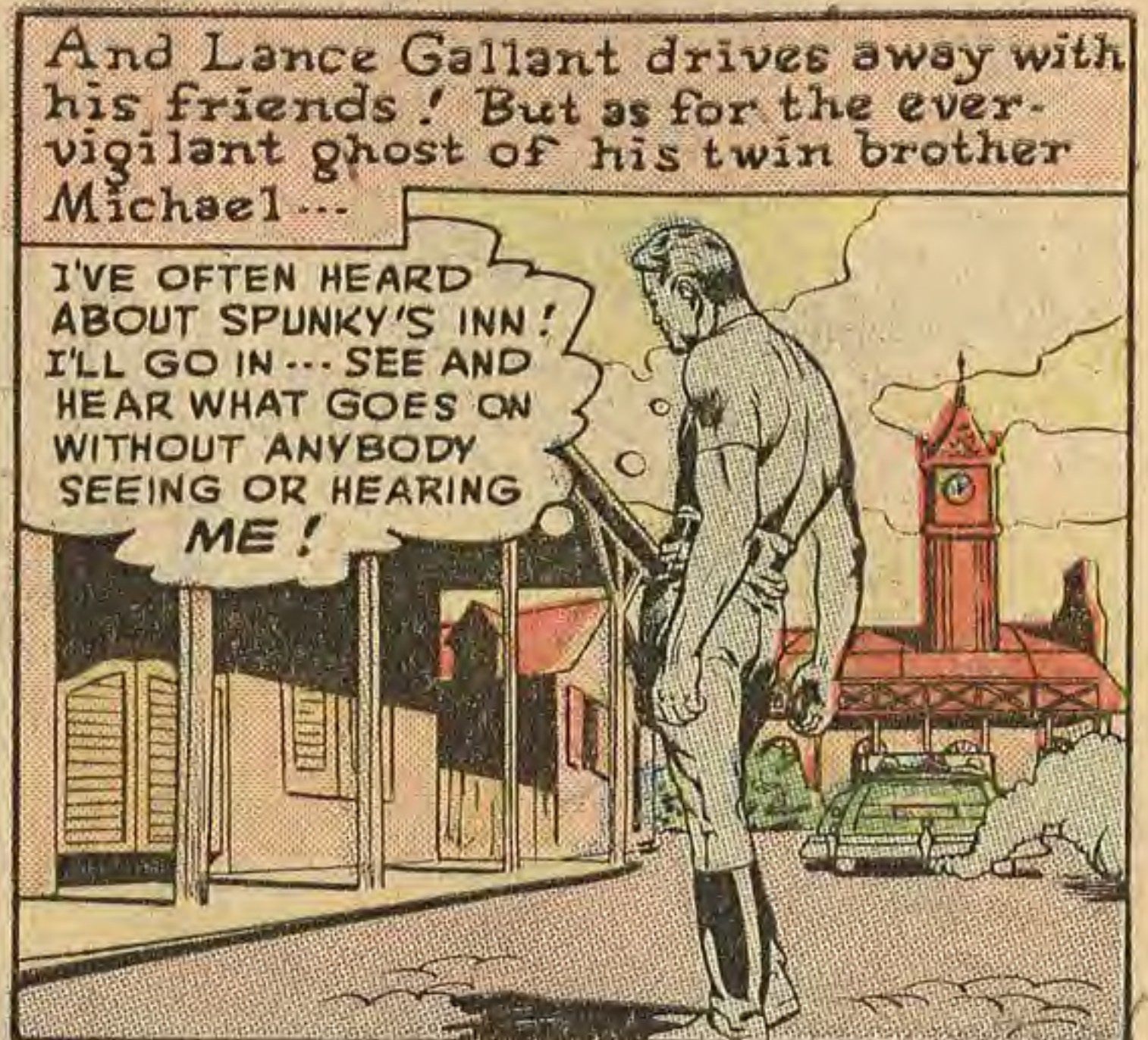
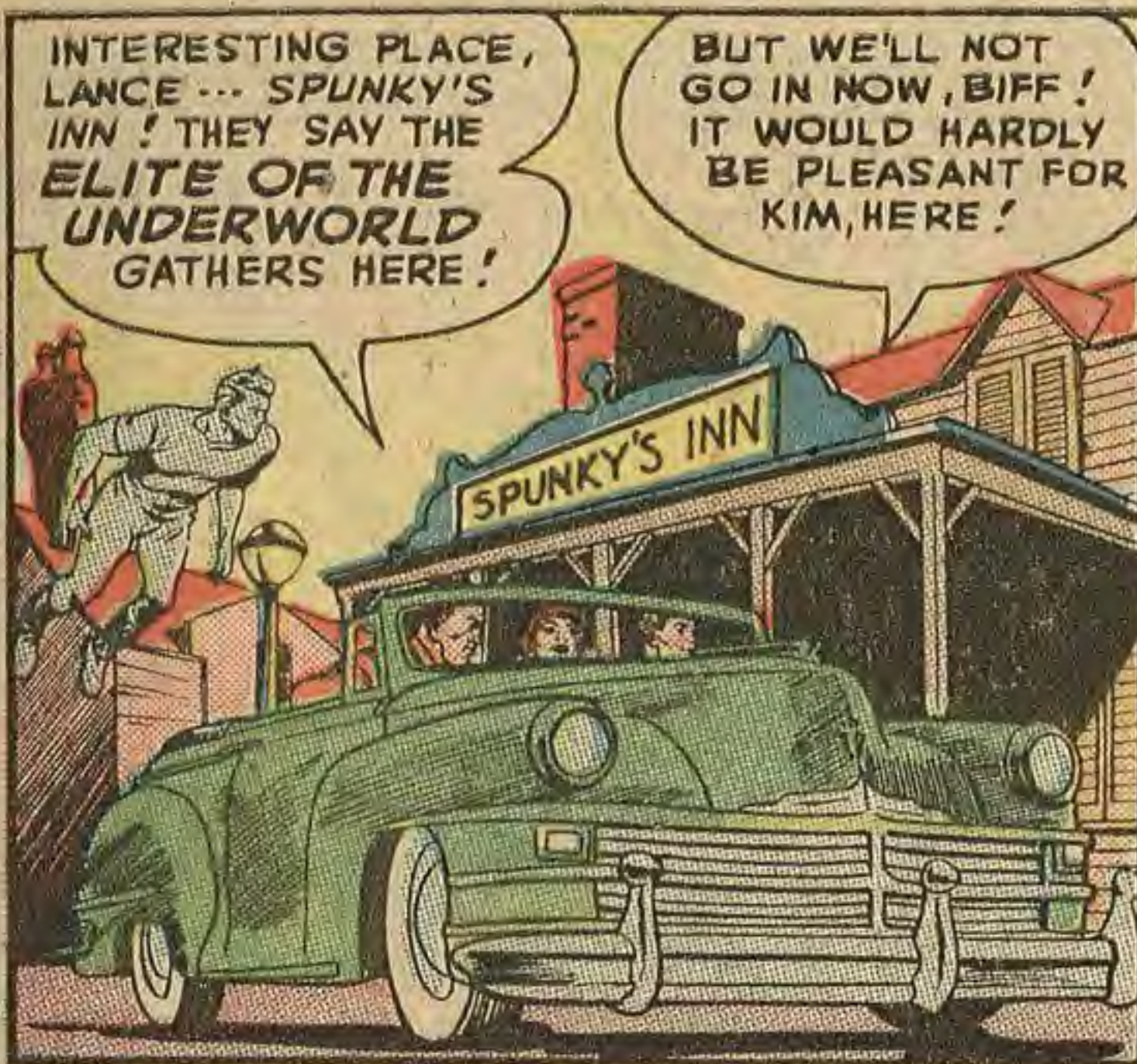
A weird criminal with  
a weird power was  
**PORCUPINE!**  
Nobody knew his secret  
and lived ....  
except **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH**,  
whose invincible strength  
and stamina overcame a  
weapon more deadly than  
bullets, more devastating  
than plague!

The facts about Captain  
Triumph...



I'M LANCE GALLANT!  
WHEN I TOUCH THIS  
BIRTHMARK, THE SPIRIT  
OF MY DEAD TWIN BROTHER  
MICHAEL MERGES WITH  
ME... AND TOGETHER  
WE BECOME  
**CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**





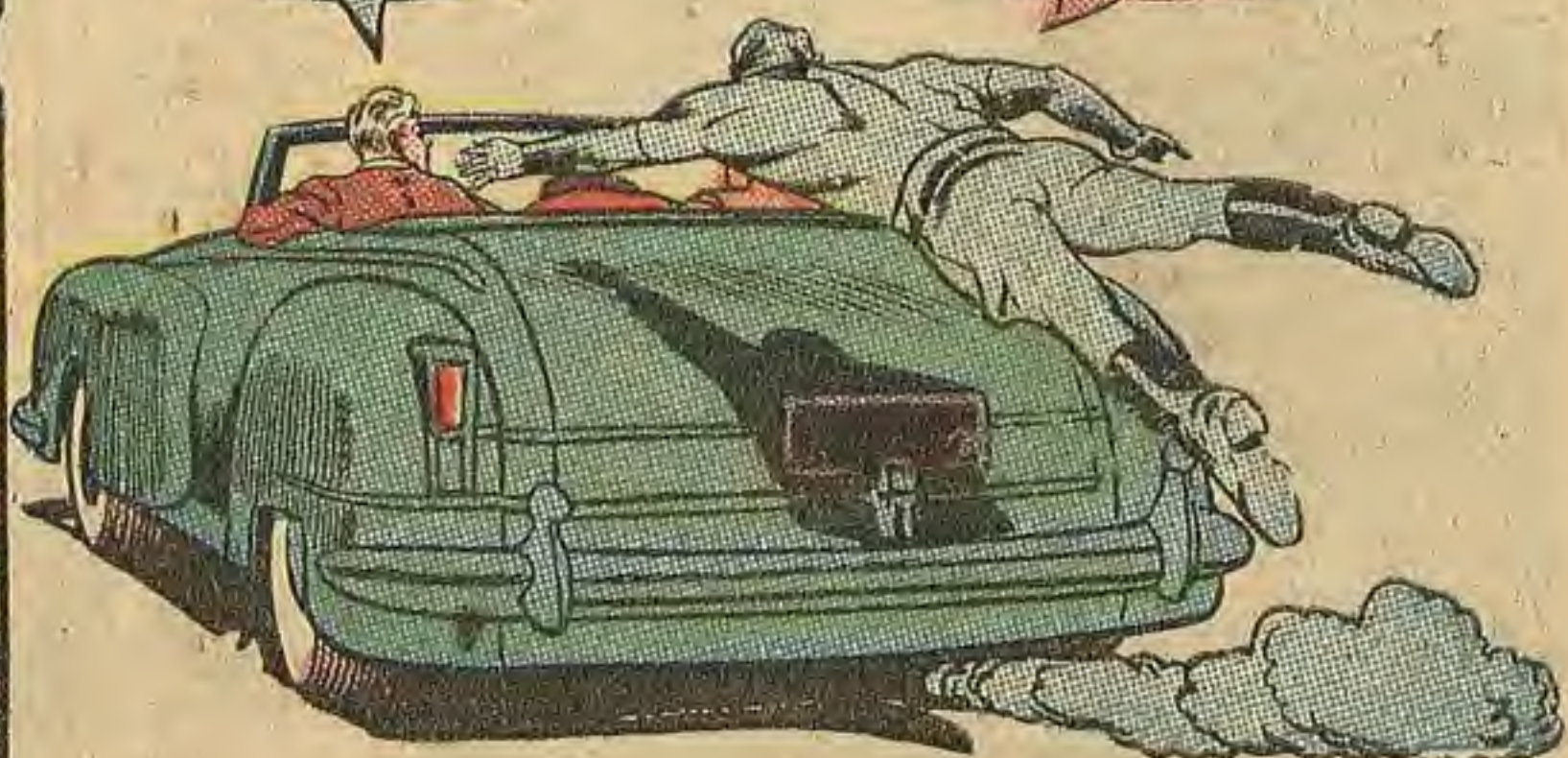




Flying like the shadow he is, Michael Gallant overtakes his brother, the only living creature who can see or hear him...

MICHAEL! IS SOMETHING WRONG?

LANCE! THERE'S STRANGE VIOLENCE BACK AT SPUNKY'S INN! QUICK! TOUCH THE BIRTHMARK!



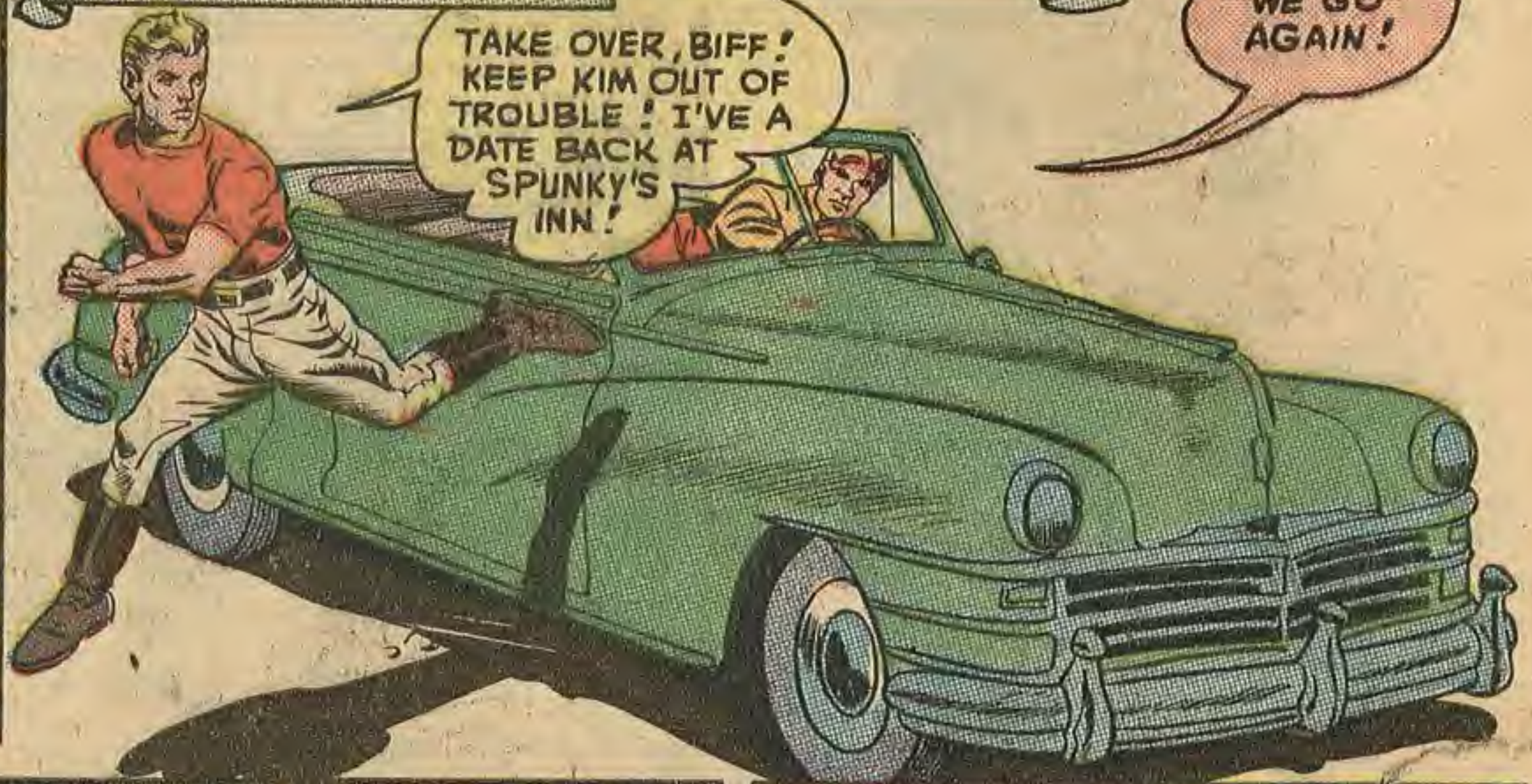


# CRACK COMICS

A touch on the mark of magic, and...



...the spirit of Michael blends with the body of Lance into the invincible **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**



TAKE OVER, BIFF! KEEP KIM OUT OF TROUBLE! I'VE A DATE BACK AT SPUNKY'S INN!

OOOP! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

TURN THE CAR AROUND, BIFF! LET'S FOLLOW CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!



I CAN TRY... BUT THE FASTEST CAR EVER MADE COULDN'T KEEP UP WITH HIM!

NOW TO SEE WHAT THIS PORCUPINE CHARACTER INTENDS TO DO!



BUT PORCUPINE'S GONE... AND HIS VICTIMS ARE DEAD! WHERE'S SPUNKY? MAYBE HE CAN TELL ME....



SPUNKY'S DONE FOR, TOO!

WHAT GOES ON, CAP? I FLAGGED DOWN A POLICEMAN AND CAME IN BEHIND YOU!

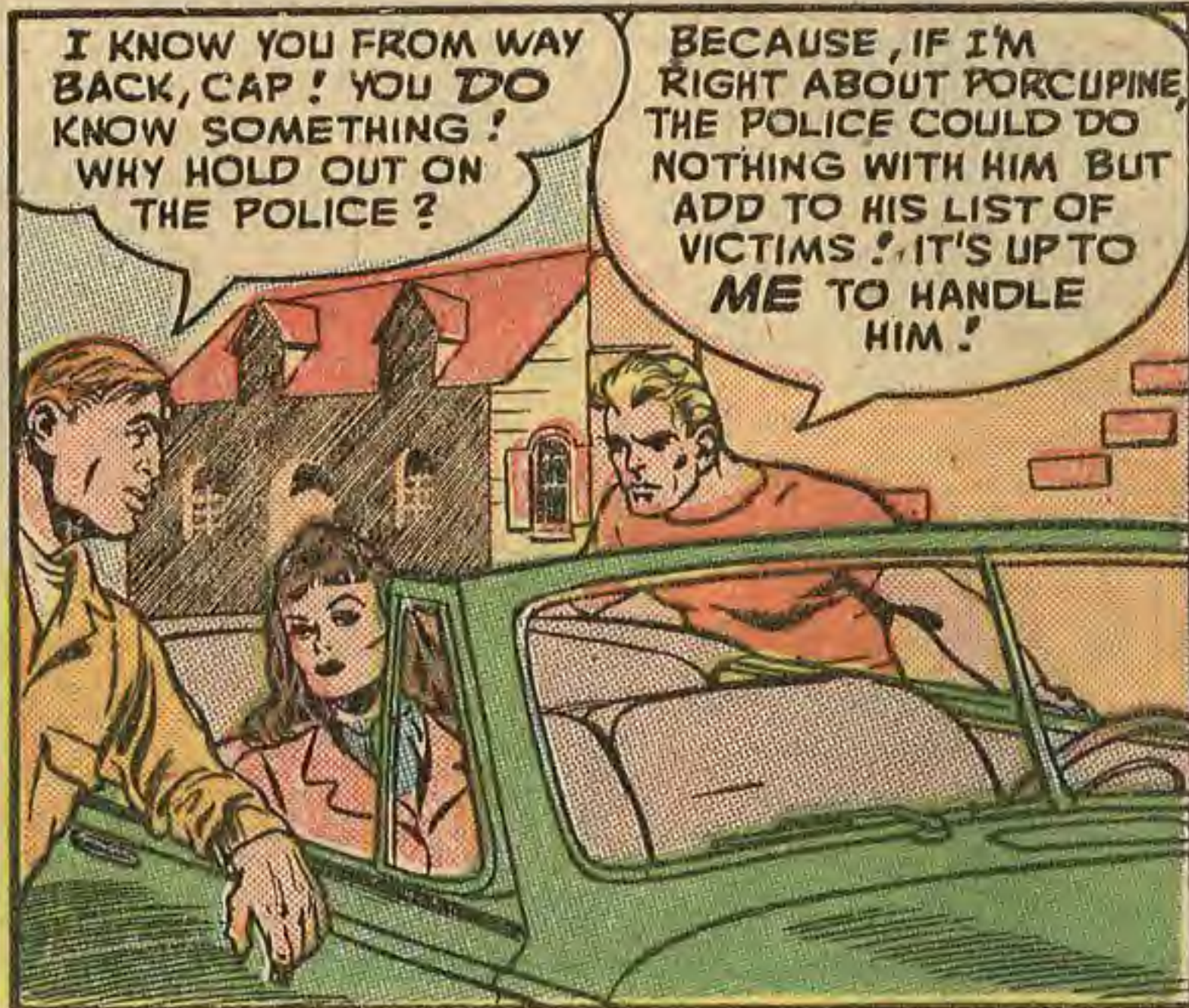
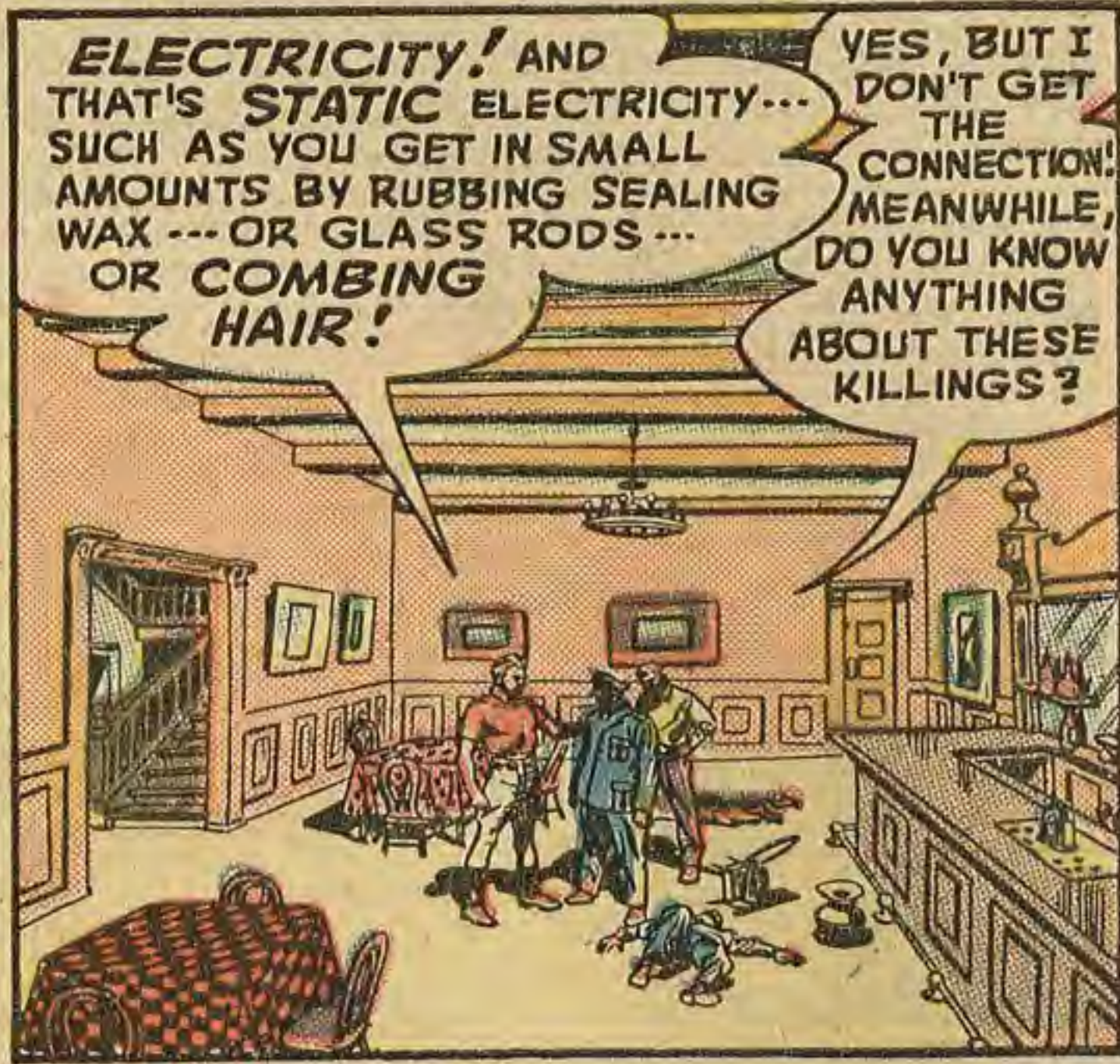


THOSE STICKER-SPIKES DIDN'T GO IN VERY FAR! MAYBE THE GUYS WERE POISONED!

NOT FROM THE WAY THE BODIES LOOK! IT'S MORE AS IF THEY WERE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING!









But Captain Triumph leaves Biff and Kim behind, seeks hiding, and touches the mystic mark to divide into the twin brothers....

MICHAEL, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD DIG INTO THE MAIN THEORY WITHOUT MORE PROOF! WE TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE --- LET'S DISCUSS WHAT MIGHT BE ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE!

WELL, PORCUPINE MUST HAVE COME INTO THE INN LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! SPUNKY WAS SLOW IN RECOGNIZING HIM! WHEN HE DID SEE WHO PORCUPINE WAS, HE GOT A FACEFUL OF THOSE DEADLY QUILLS!



SPUNKY KNEW HUNDREDS OF CROOKS! PORCUPINE MUST HAVE BEEN ONE! BUT IF SPUNKY HAD TROUBLE IDENTIFYING HIM....

...THEN PORCUPINE MUST HAVE BEEN GONE FOR QUITE A WHILE, PERHAPS TO PRISON! MAYBE WE CAN CHECK UP BY PENITENTIARY RECORDS!



But while the brothers depart to check up....

DIDJA HEAR ABOUT THE TRIPLE RUB-OUT AT SPUNKY'S INN? ONLY A BIG-TIME OPERATOR DARED DO THAT! I'D LIKE TO TIE UP WITH SUCH A GEE!

WOULD YOU, INDEED? HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, MY FRIEND!



YOU PUT THE SLUG ON SPUNKY? THAT TOOK NERVE AND---

DON'T BELIEVE THIS JERK! HE COULDN'T PUT THE SLUG ON A SLOT MACHINE!



YOU SEEM UNIMPRESSED! SO DID SPUNKY AND HIS TWO CUSTOMERS WHEN I SHOWED JUST A LITTLE OF MY POWER! THEY TOOK MINUTES TO DIE, BUT....

HAW! HAW! I'LL DIE QUICKER THAN THAT... LAUGHING!



THIS IS ABOUT DOUBLE THE POWER I USED AT SPUNKY'S... STILL NOT FULL POWER, BUT INSTANTLY FATAL!

HAW! HAW! H----- AAAAAAAH!





# CRACK COMICS



YOU, MY FRIEND, EXPRESSED A WISH TO WORK FOR ME!

THAT'S BEFORE I S-SAW YOU IN ACTION! I'D LIKE IT BETTER IF YOU'D JUST FORGET ALL ABOUT...

SORRY! BUT YOU'VE SEEN ME IN ACTION, AS YOU SAY! IF YOU WALK AWAY, YOU MIGHT INFORM THE LAW! SO JOIN ME OR...

YES, SIR! YES, SIR! ANYTHING YOU SAY, BOSS!



I'LL COME WITH YOU... ONLY DON'T JOSTLE ME! WHAT SHALL I CALL YOU?

PORCUPINE'S THE NAME! AND IT'S LATE... THE BANKS ARE CLOSED... SO LET'S OPEN ONE UP!



Meanwhile, at the penitentiary....

YES, MR. GALLANT, WE DID HAVE A PRISONER HERE CALLED PORCUPINE --- NICK-NAMED FOR HIS SPIKY HAIR! HE CAUSED NO TROUBLE, EXCEPT BY HIS DUMBNESS!

DUMBNESS?



HE WORKED IN THE ELECTRIC SHOP! THE OTHER WORKERS PLAYED JOKES BY GIVING HIM SHOCKS! HE CLAIMED TO LIKE IT! HE TOOK BIGGER SHOCKS... BIGGER...

OVER YEARS OF TIME, EH? WHAT THEN?



JUST BEFORE HIS SENTENCE WAS FINISHED, HE STUMBLED BY ACCIDENT INTO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! AND HE SURVIVED... AS IF PRACTICE HAD MADE HIM ABLE TO STAND TERRIBLE SHOCKS!

THANKS, WARDEN! YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT HELP! GOODBYE!



THE THEORY GETS BETTER ALL THE TIME, MICHAEL! I'VE JUST LEARNED...

HOLD IT, LANCE! BIFF AND KIM ARE CRUISING AROUND IN THE CAR, LOOKING FOR THE TROUBLE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH FOUND! IF WE DON'T STOP THEM, IT MAY BE THEIR DESTRUCTION!





Once again  
Lance touches  
the birthmark,  
becoming...



**CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH**  
WILL HAVE TO  
SAVE THEM!

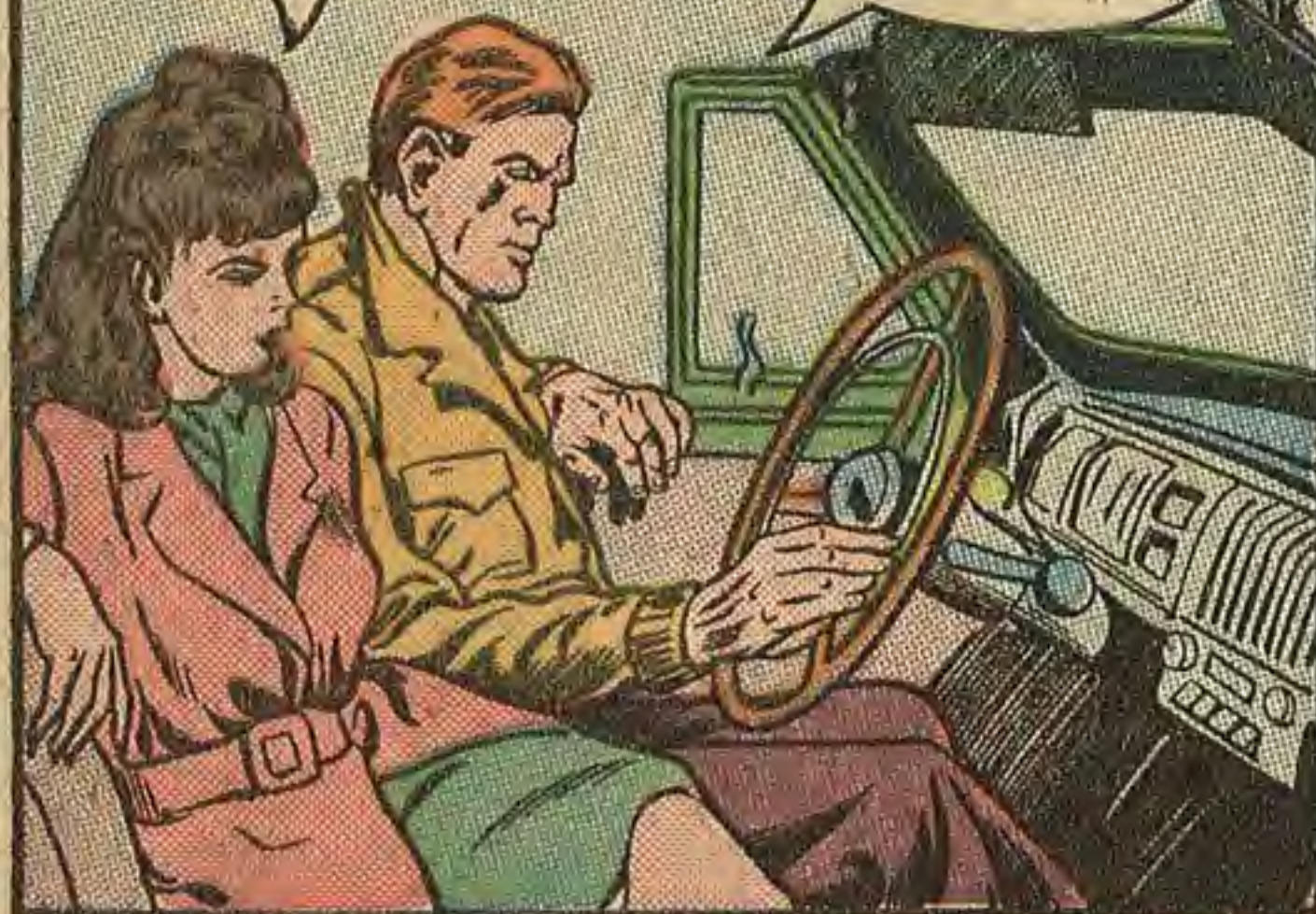


THEY WERE DRIVING  
ALONG HERE A MOMENT  
AGO... BUT WHERE DID  
THEY GO WHEN THEY  
LEFT?



CAN'T YOU ADJUST THAT  
RADIO, BIFF? I NEVER  
HEARD SUCH  
STATIC!

MUST BE SOME  
BIG ELECTRICAL  
MOTOR OUT OF  
WHACK SOMEWHERE  
NEAR BY!



THE FARTHER WE GO IN  
THIS DIRECTION, THE  
WORSE IT GETS!

MAYBE WE CAN  
FOLLOW TO WHERE  
THE MOTOR IS!  
THE OWNER  
WOULD PROBABLY  
BE GLAD TO BE  
TOLD ABOUT IT!



OPEN **THIS**  
BANK? HOW  
CAN YOU?

EASILY! LOOK, A SMALL  
EXERTION OF POWER  
WORKS AS A KEY,  
LOOSENING THE  
LOCK!

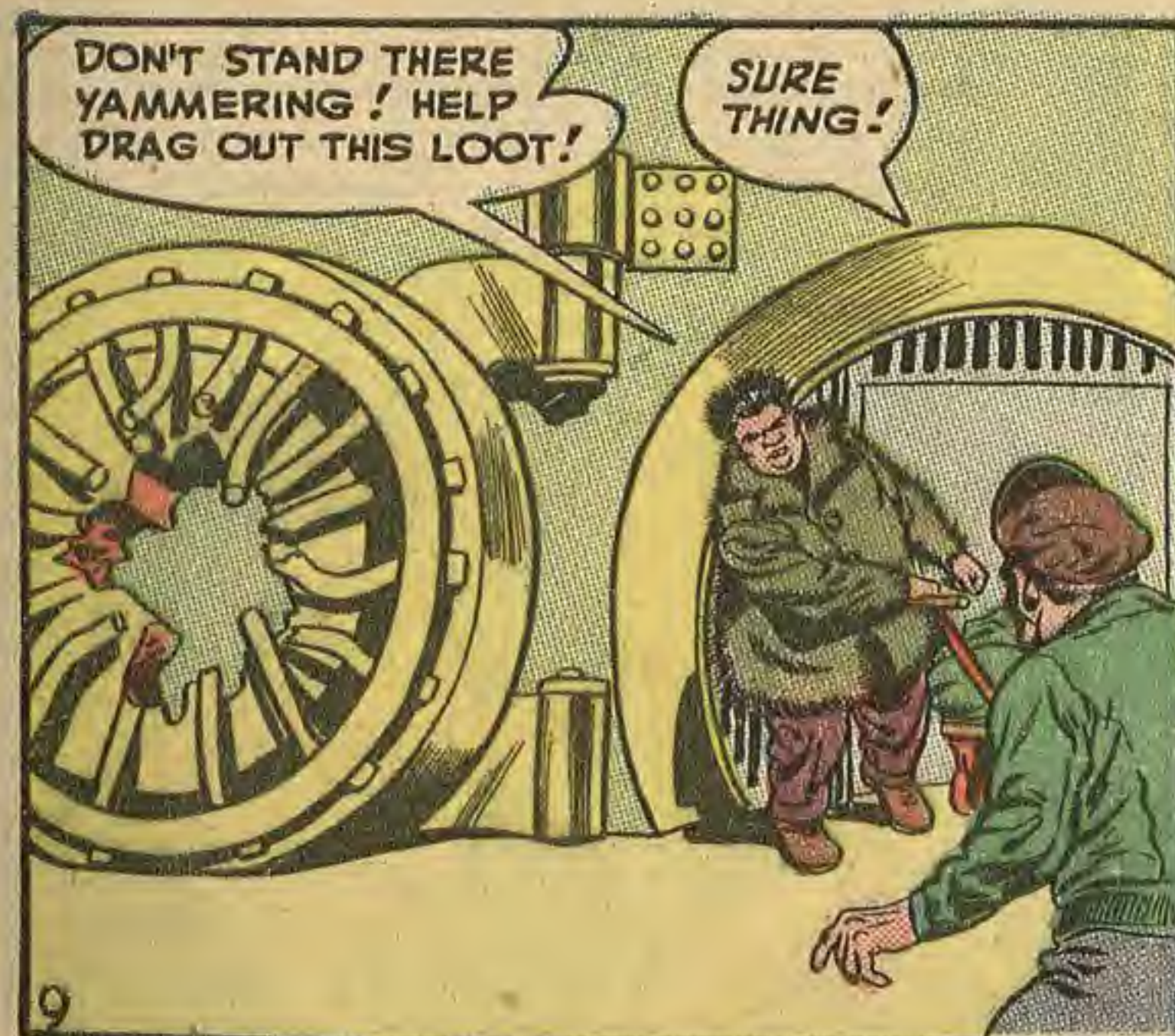
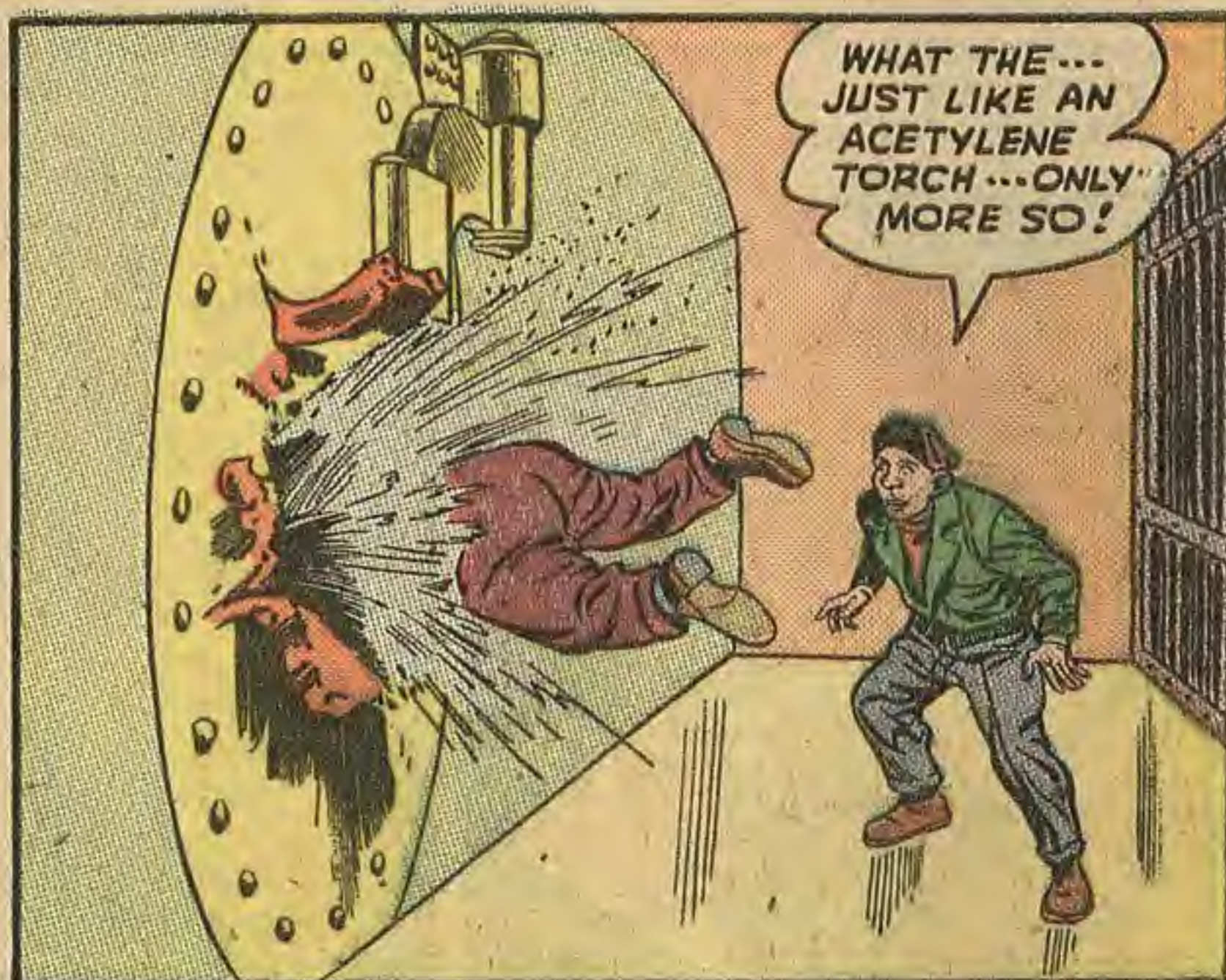


BUSTING IN, HUH?  
UP WITH YOUR  
HANDS... I'M  
TURNING IN  
THE ALARM!

AH, THE LOYAL  
WATCHMAN! YOUR  
WATCHING DAYS  
ARE OVER, I  
FEAR!











LOOK, BIFF! THIS POOR MAN... IS HE DEAD?

THE DEADDEST SPECIMEN IN TOWN, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY!



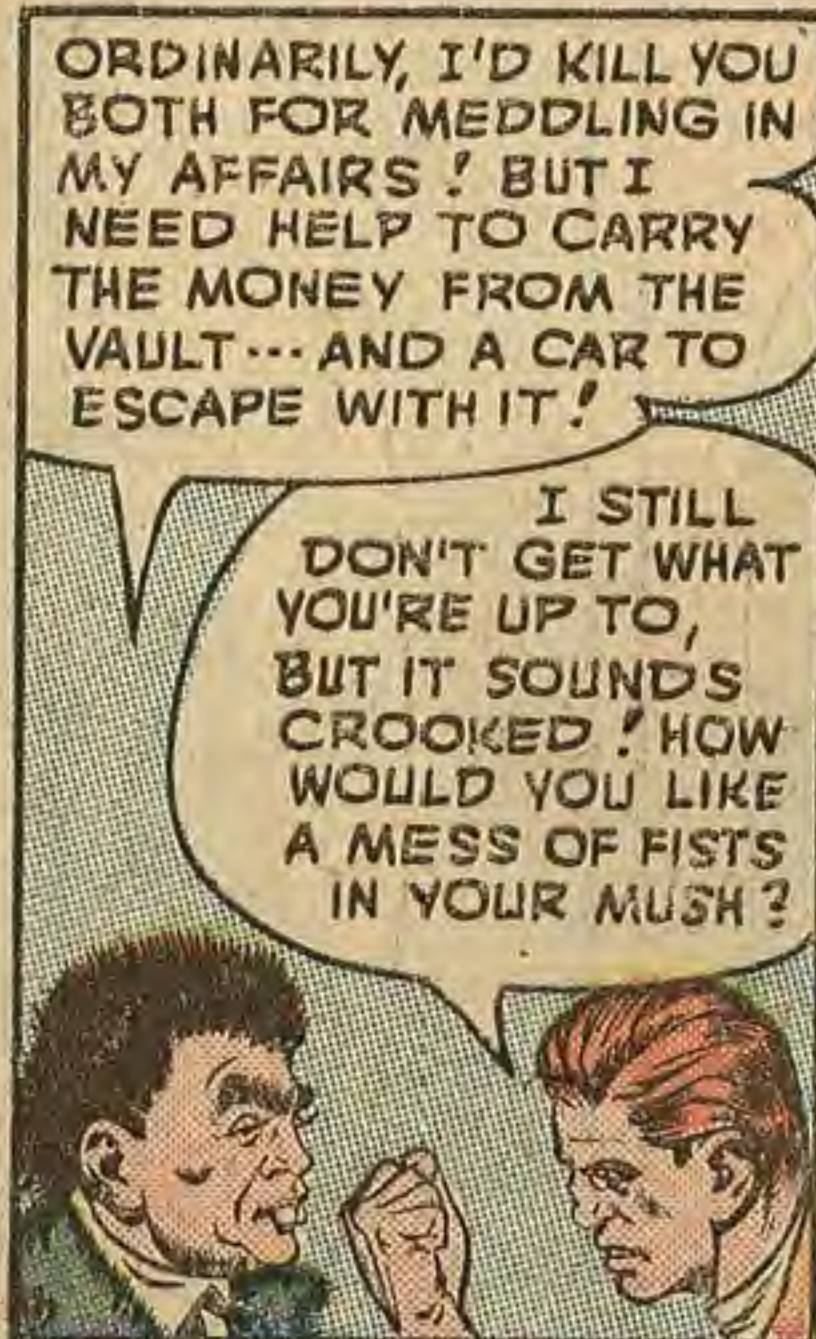
I DON'T GET IT! WE CAME IN HERE BECAUSE OF **STATIC NOISES!**

I'M AFRAID MY PECULIAR PERSONALITY CAUSED THOSE! BUT HOW DID YOU PICK THEM UP?



ON THE RADIO IN OUR CAR, JUST OUTSIDE!

YOU HAVE A CAR? HOW CONVENIENT... FOR **ME!** WELCOME TO OUR LITTLE GROUP, MY FRIENDS!



ORDINARILY, I'D KILL YOU BOTH FOR MEDDLING IN MY AFFAIRS! BUT I NEED HELP TO CARRY THE MONEY FROM THE VAULT... AND A CAR TO ESCAPE WITH IT!

I STILL DON'T GET WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, BUT IT SOUNDS CROOKED! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A MESS OF FISTS IN YOUR MUSH?



DON'T CROSS HIM, MISTER... OR YOU'LL DROP DEAD AT HIS FEET!

PERHAPS YOU'LL BE CONVINCED WHEN I EXERT ONLY A **TINY TICK** OF MY POWER ON YOUR LADY FRIEND'S CHEEKS!



WHAT HAPPENED TO KIM?

SHE HAS ONLY FAINTED! BUT IF I TOUCH **YOU**, IT WON'T BE SO GENTLY!

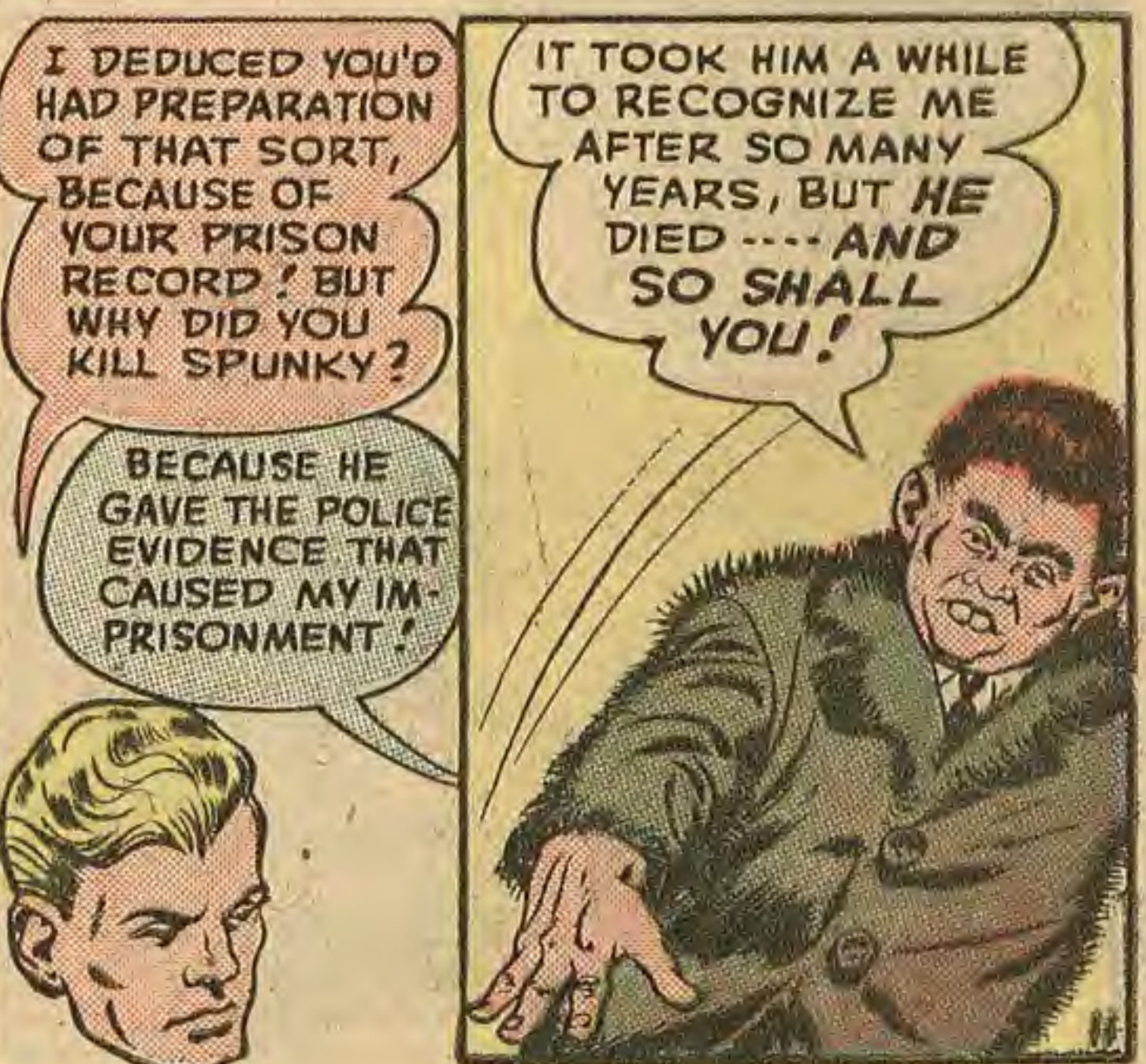
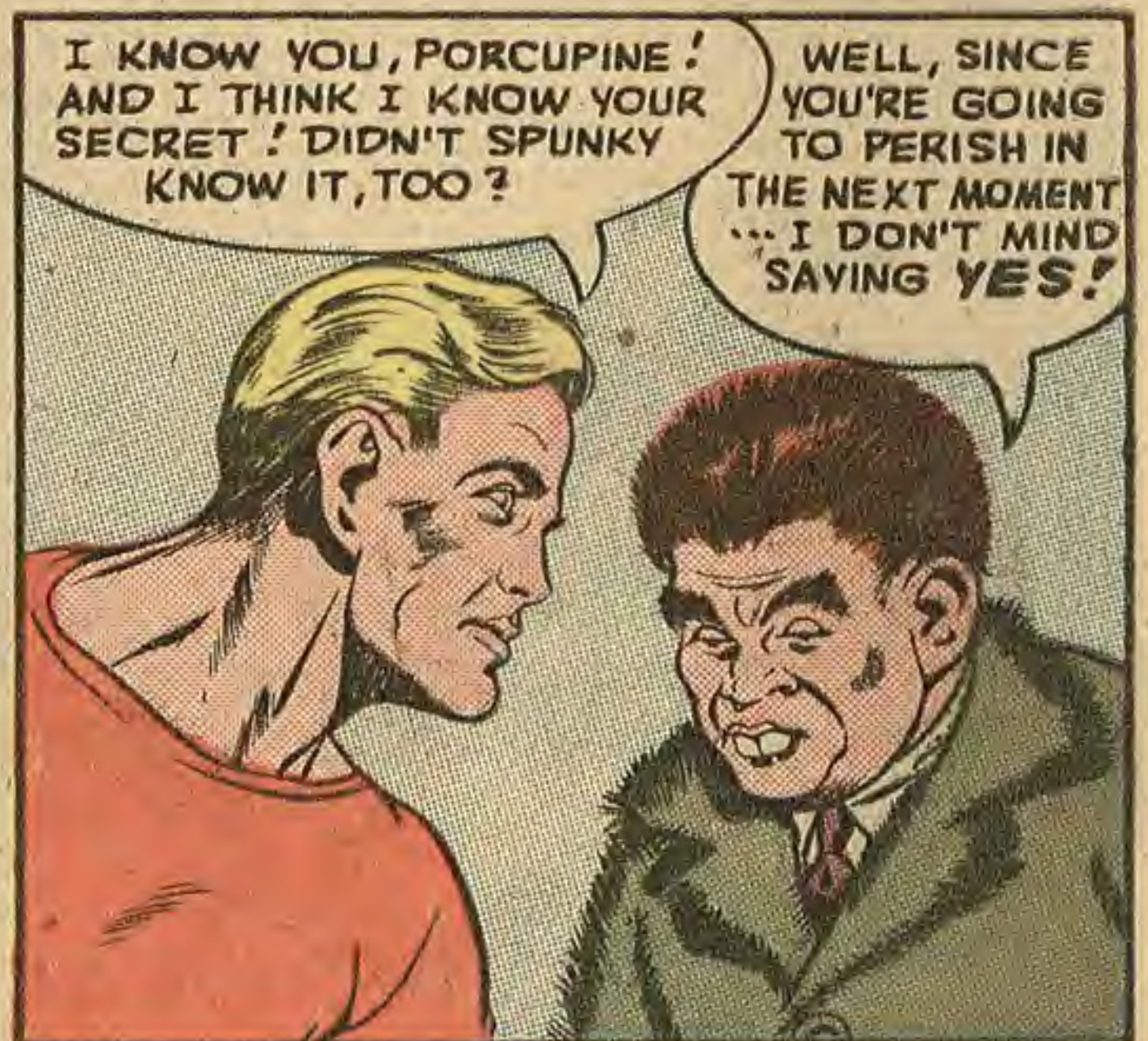


YOU'RE ASKING ME TO HELP YOU ROB... MURDER...

YES, AND ANSWER AT ONCE OR I'LL PUT YOU BEYOND ANSWERING ANYTHING!



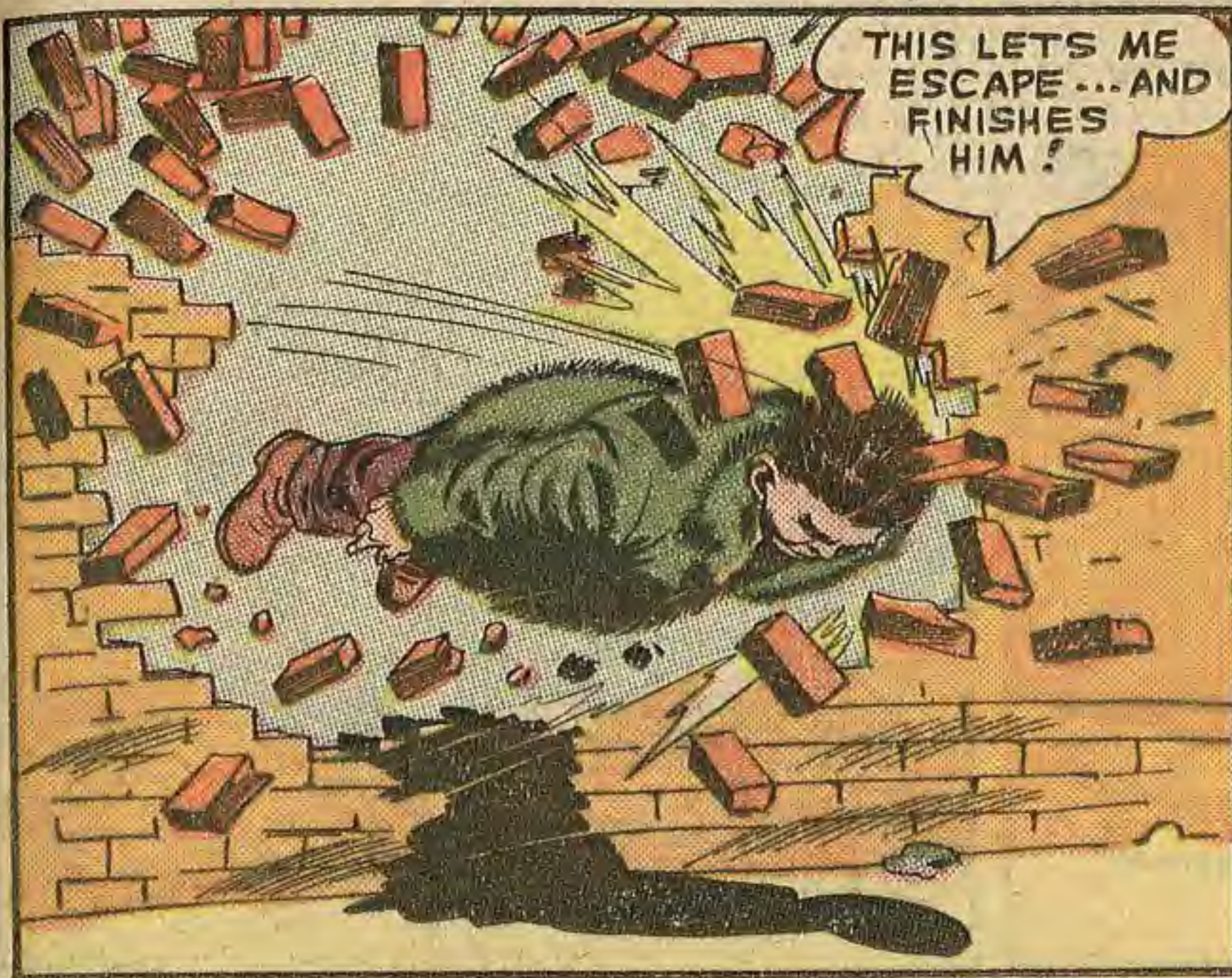
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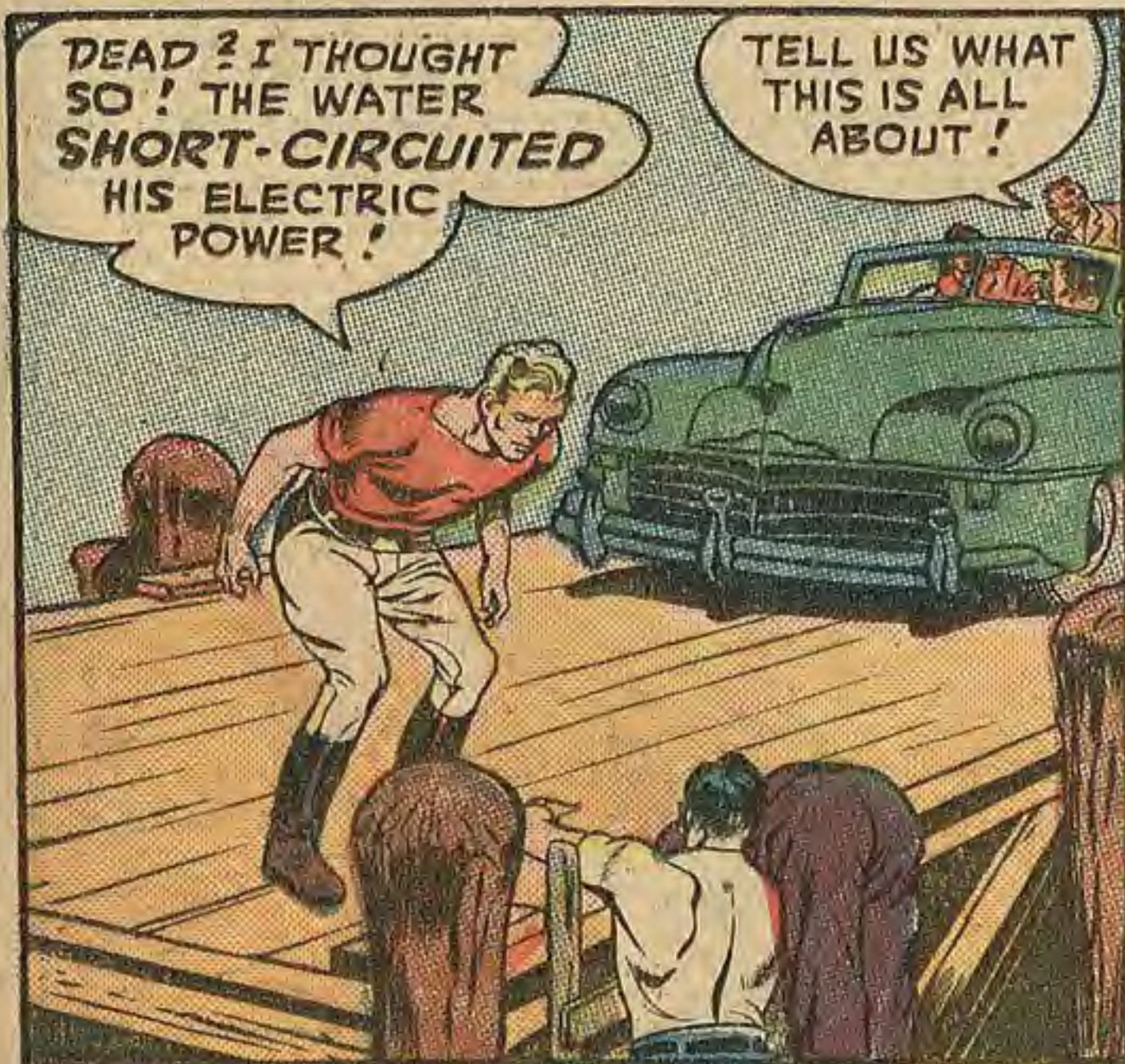
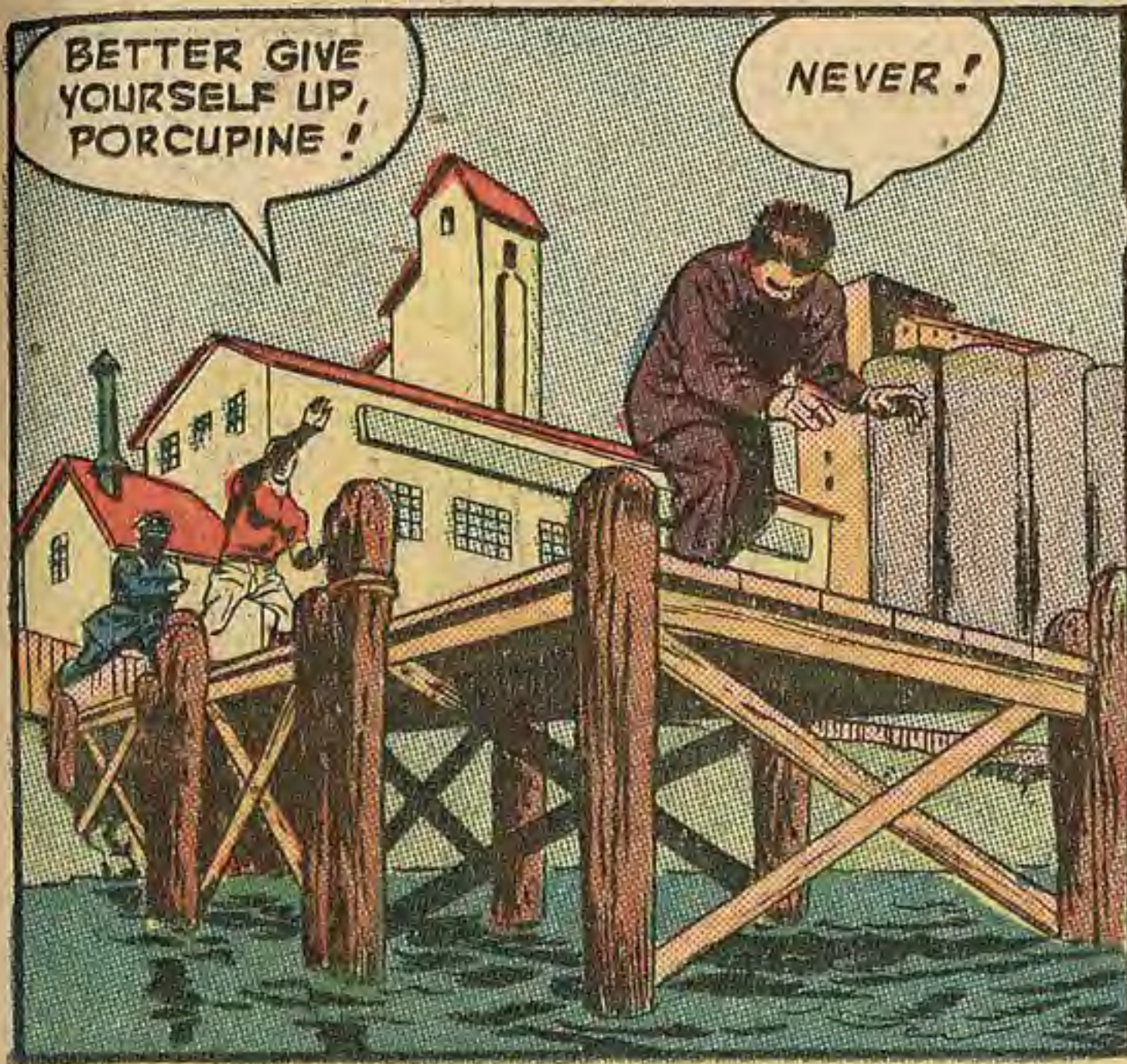














# INKIE

HMMF!

THE SMALLEST  
HUMAN in the World  
ADMISSION \$1.65

SOUP

BIJOU THEATER  
NOW PLAYING  
FIVE INCHES TALL ....  
*The*  
**MIGHTY MIDGET**  
ABSOLUTELY  
THE STRONGEST  
SMALLEST  
HUMAN in the World  
ADMISSION \$1.65

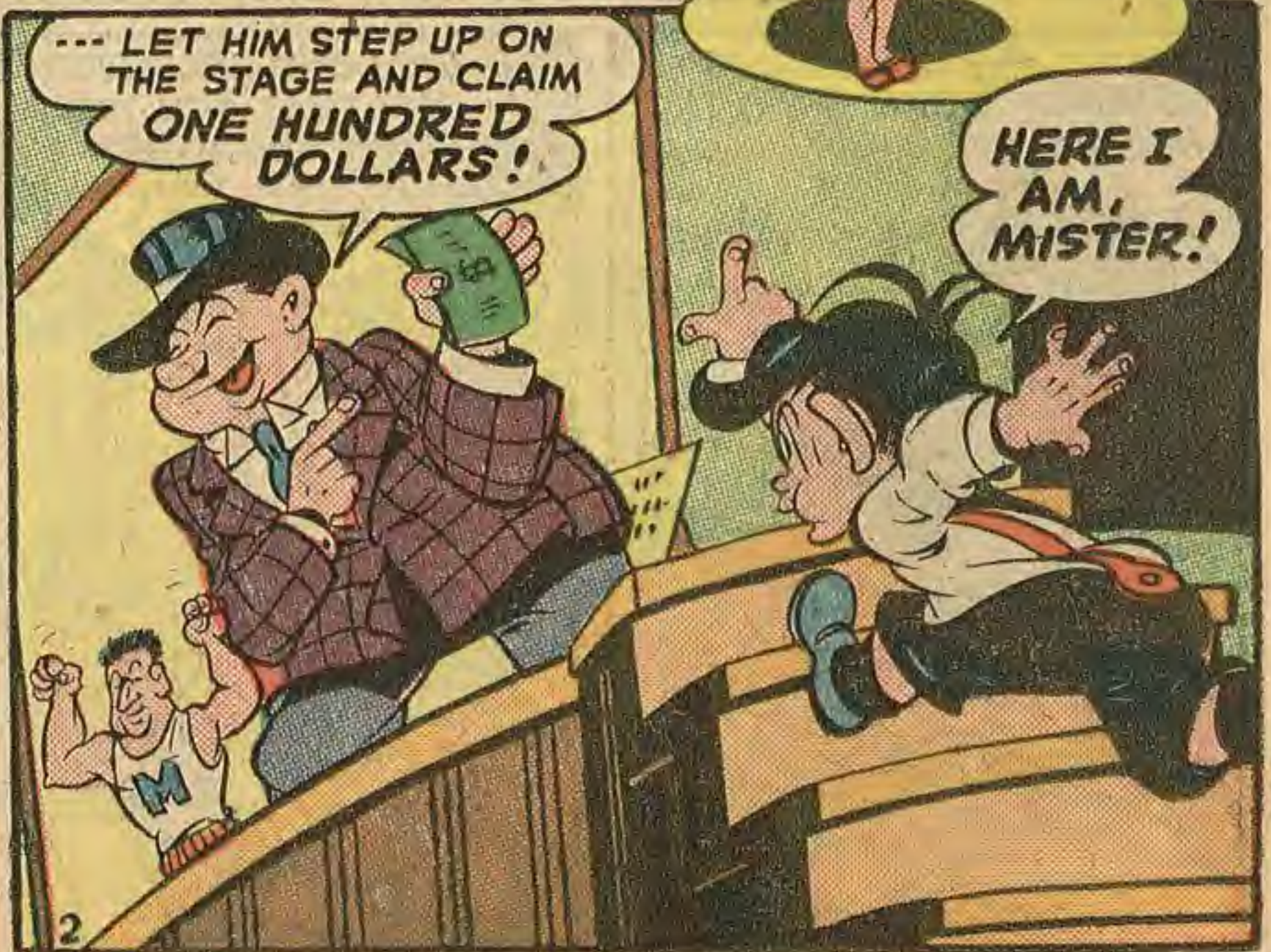
SOME  
NERVE!

THAT'S MISLEADING ADVERTISING!  
DON'T THEY KNOW THAT I'M THE SMALLEST  
GUY? I'M ONLY FOUR INCHES  
HIGH!

I WON'T SPEND THAT MUCH  
MONEY TO SEE A FAKE,  
YET I AM CURIOUS...  
SO I'LL GO INTO THE  
THEATER IN MY  
USUAL WAY!

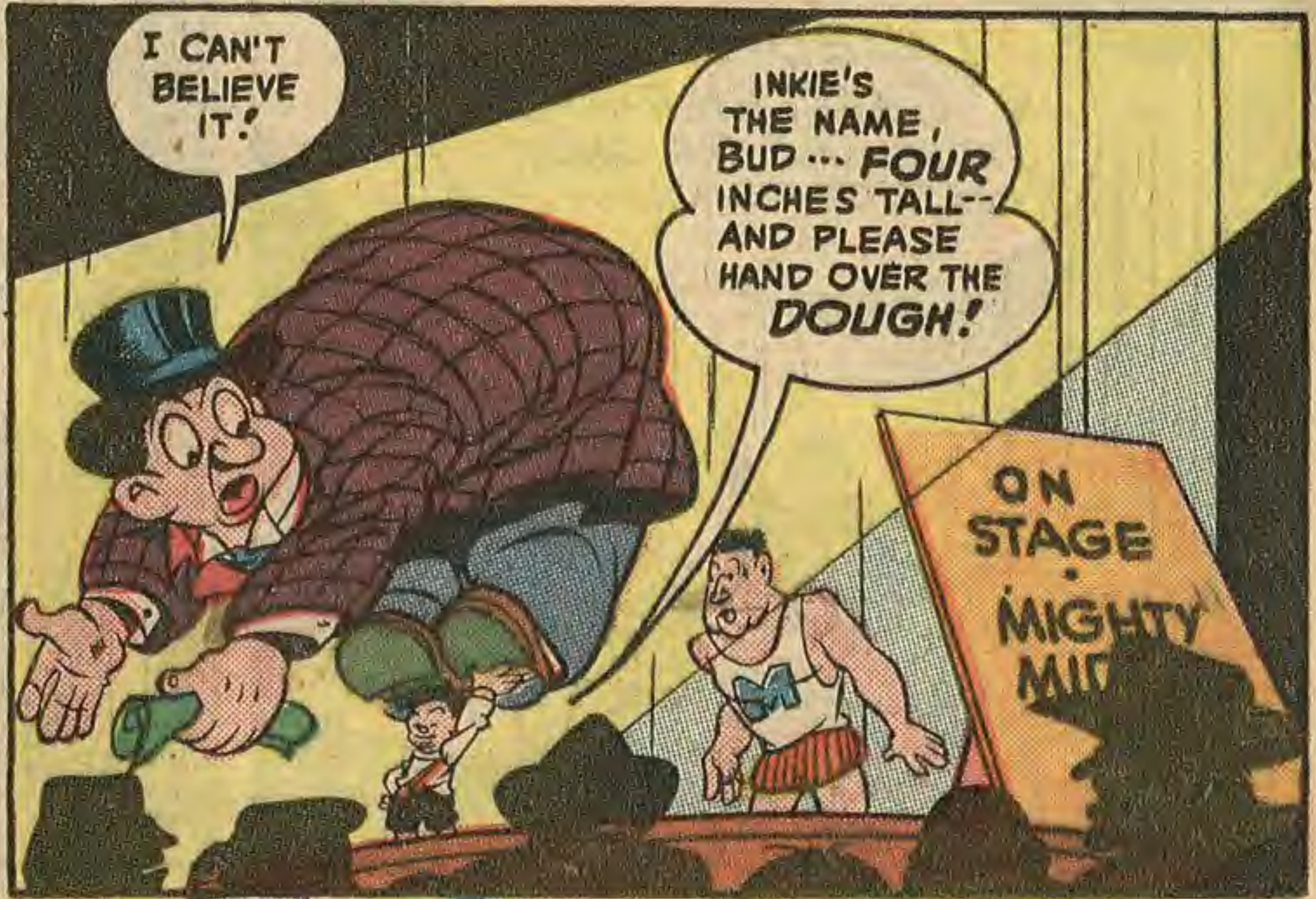
LIKE  
THIS!



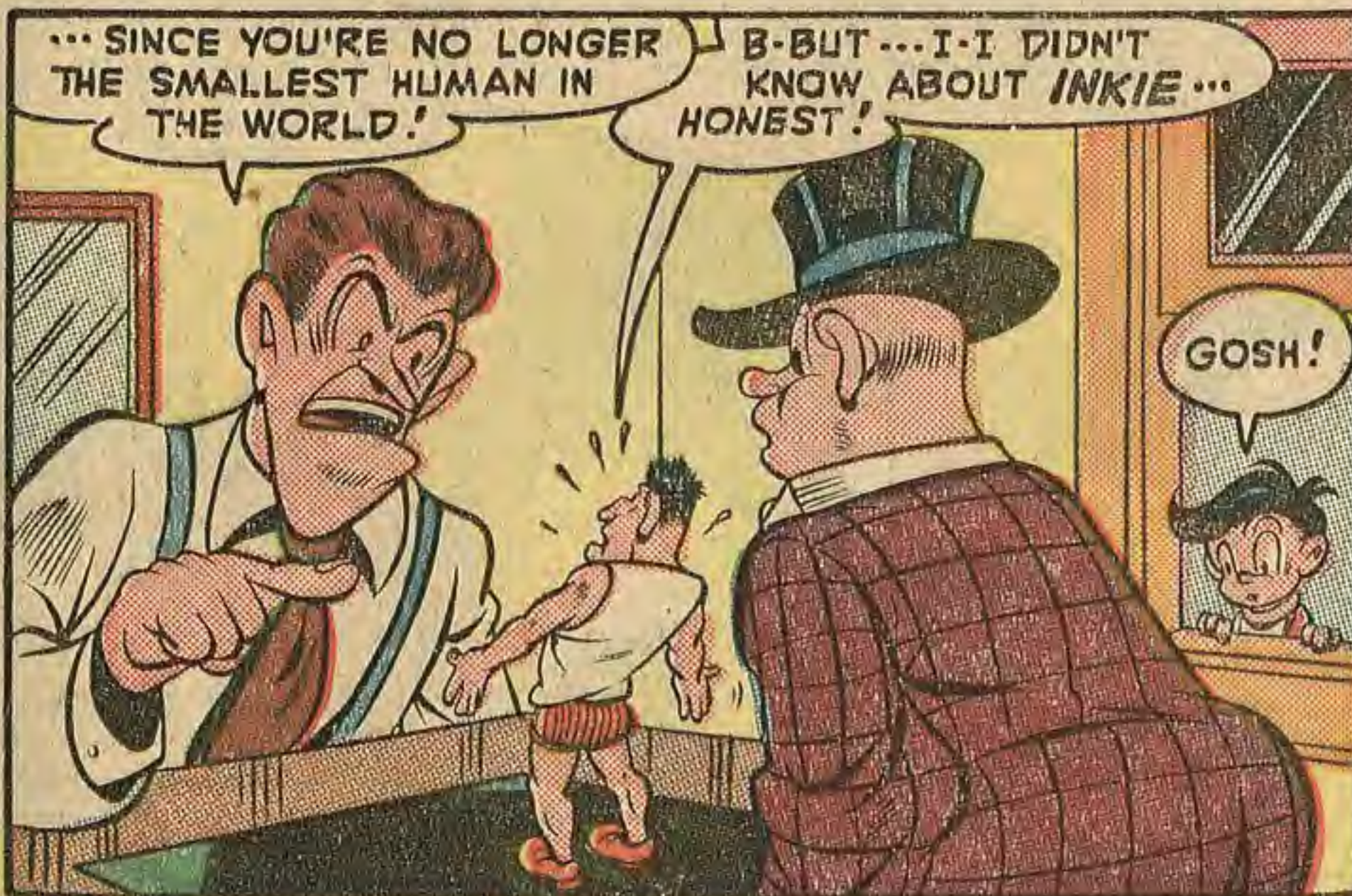
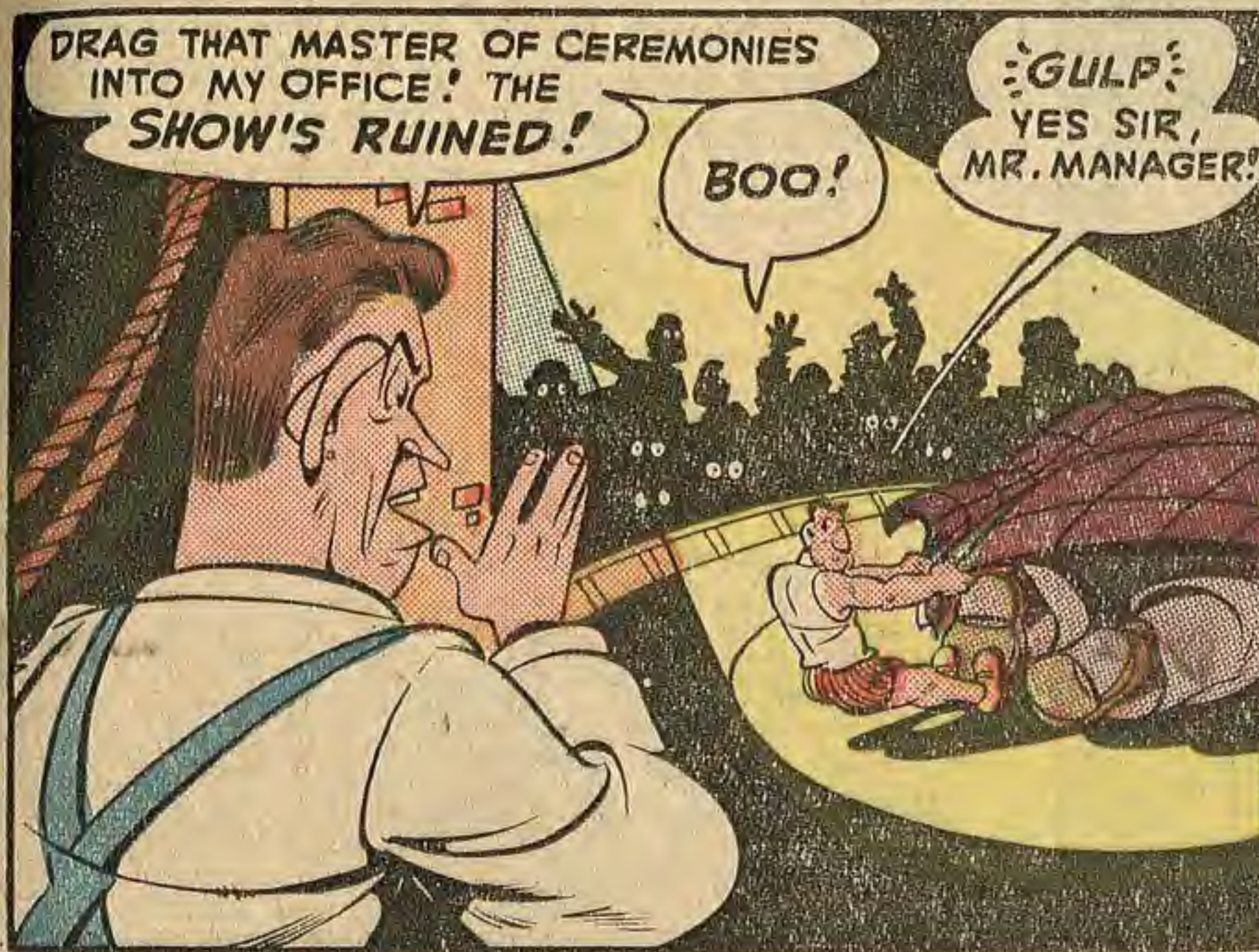




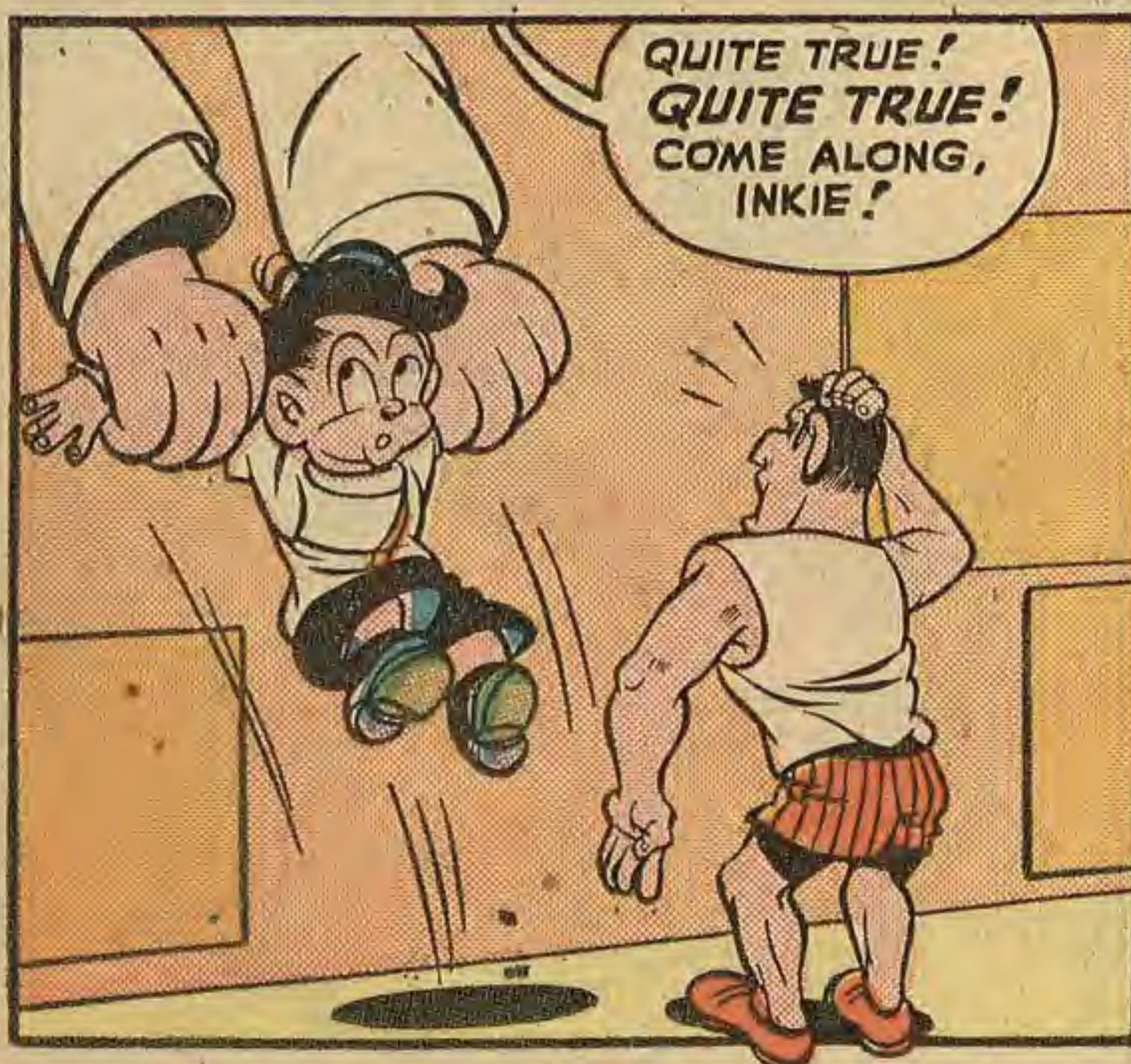
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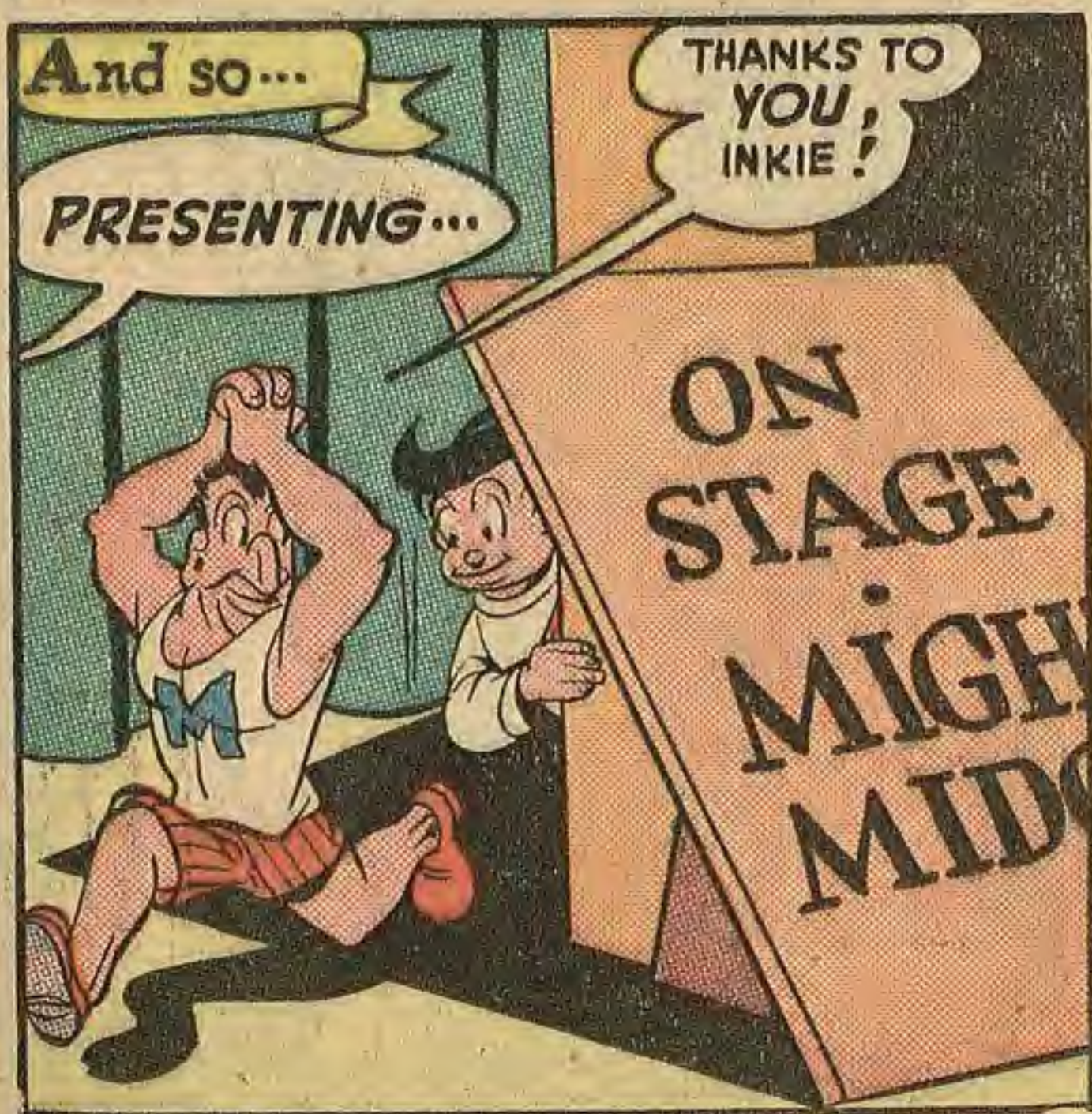
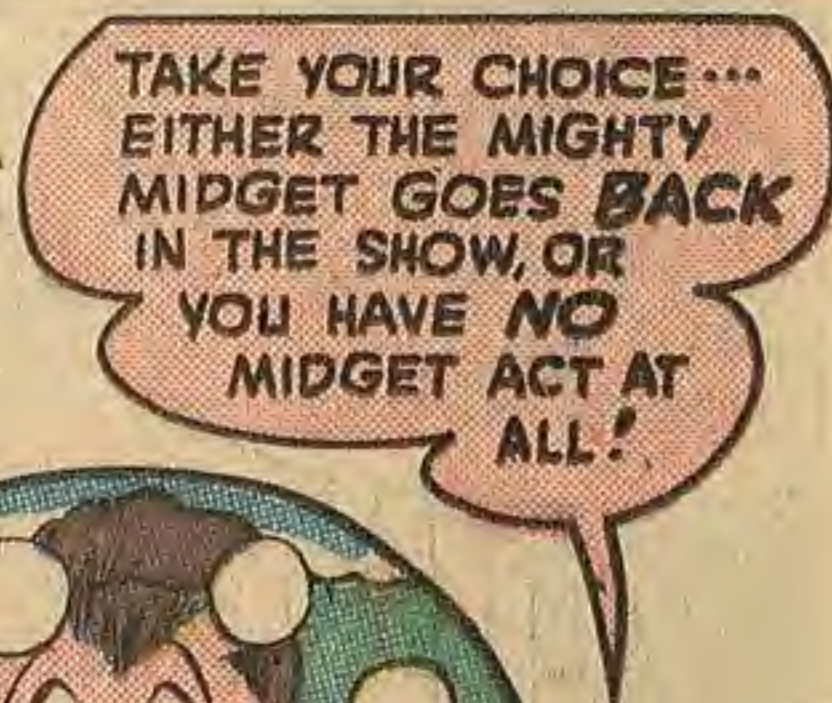
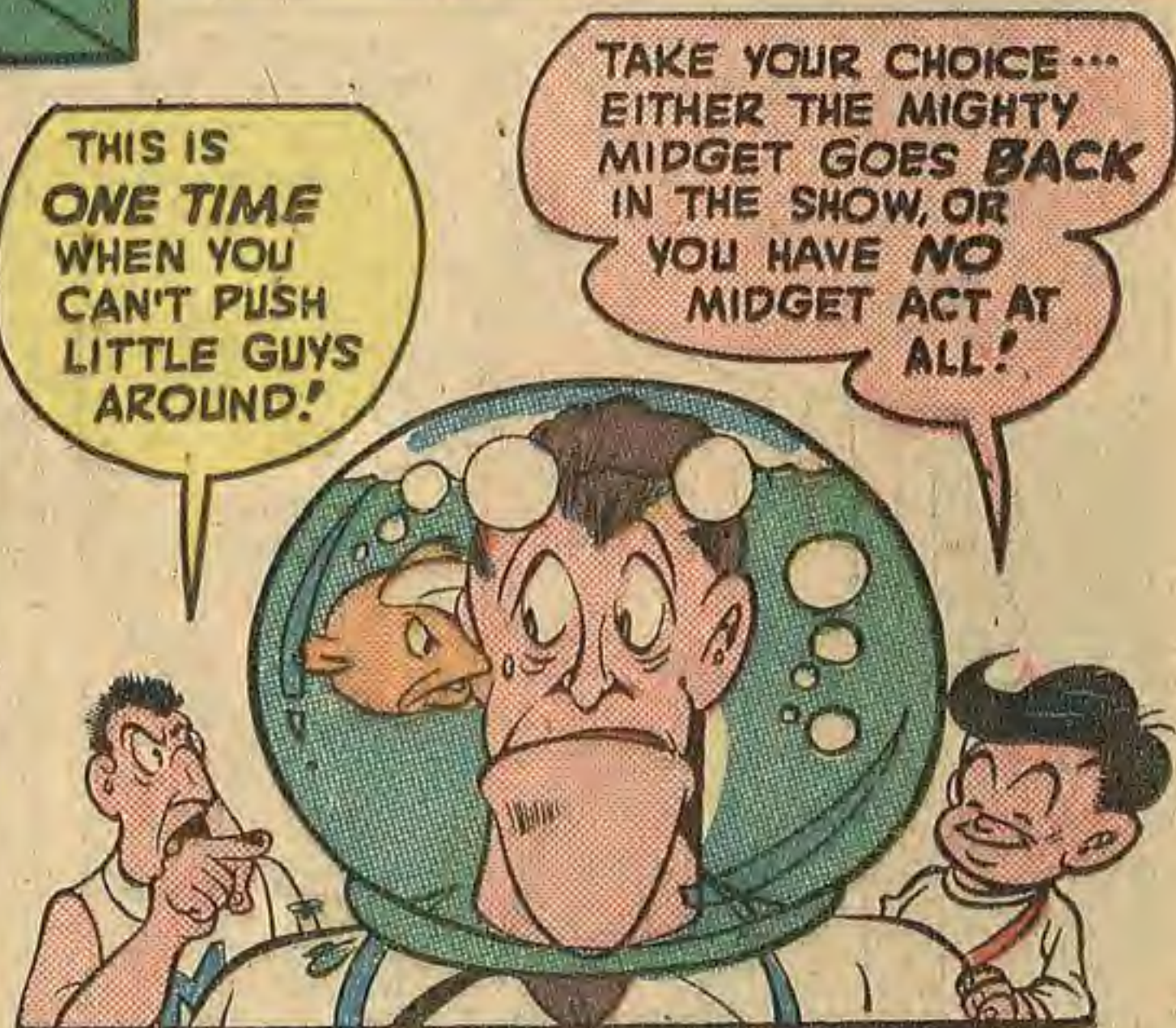
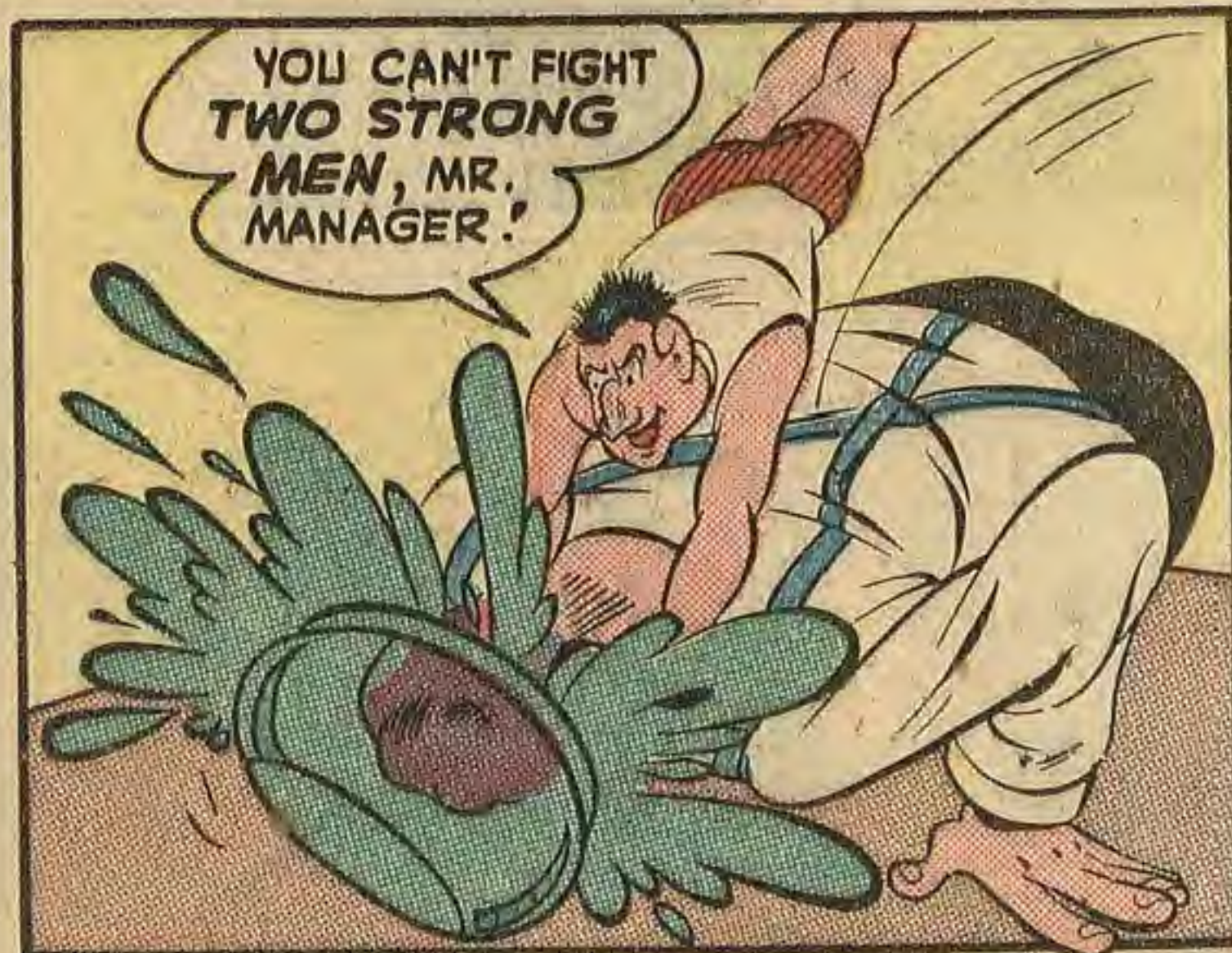
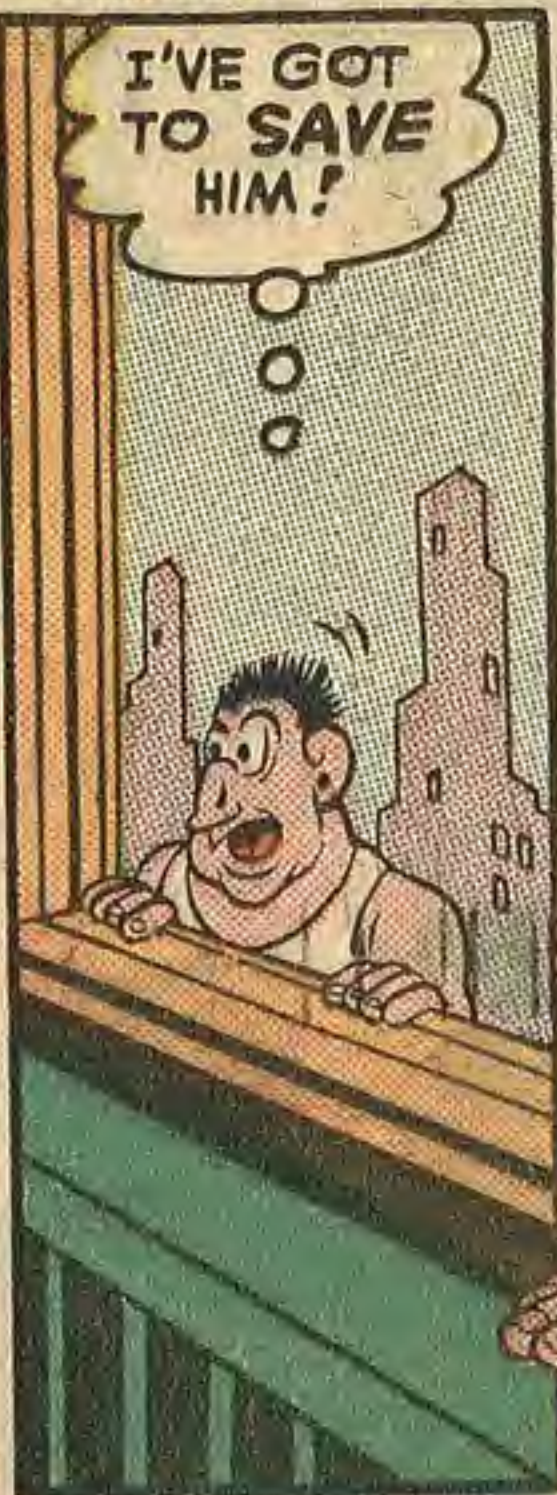














OH, BUT DAD,  
YOU'RE REALLY  
SUCH A DUMMY  
ABOUT ART!

# Molly the Model

...AS I'M  
SOON GOING  
TO PROVE  
TO MYSELF,  
BY HAVIN'  
AN INTER-

I WON'T BE  
AFTER I FINISH  
BRUSHIN' UP ON  
THESE ART  
BOOKS I  
BORROWED!

ANYBODY CAN  
BE AN ART CRITIC BY  
JUST LEARNING A FEW  
SILLY FACTS AND  
FIGURES ....

VIEW WITH THAT  
SCREWBALL  
SCULPTOR  
MOLLY  
KNOWS!

COLOSSO  
ART  
STUDIOS

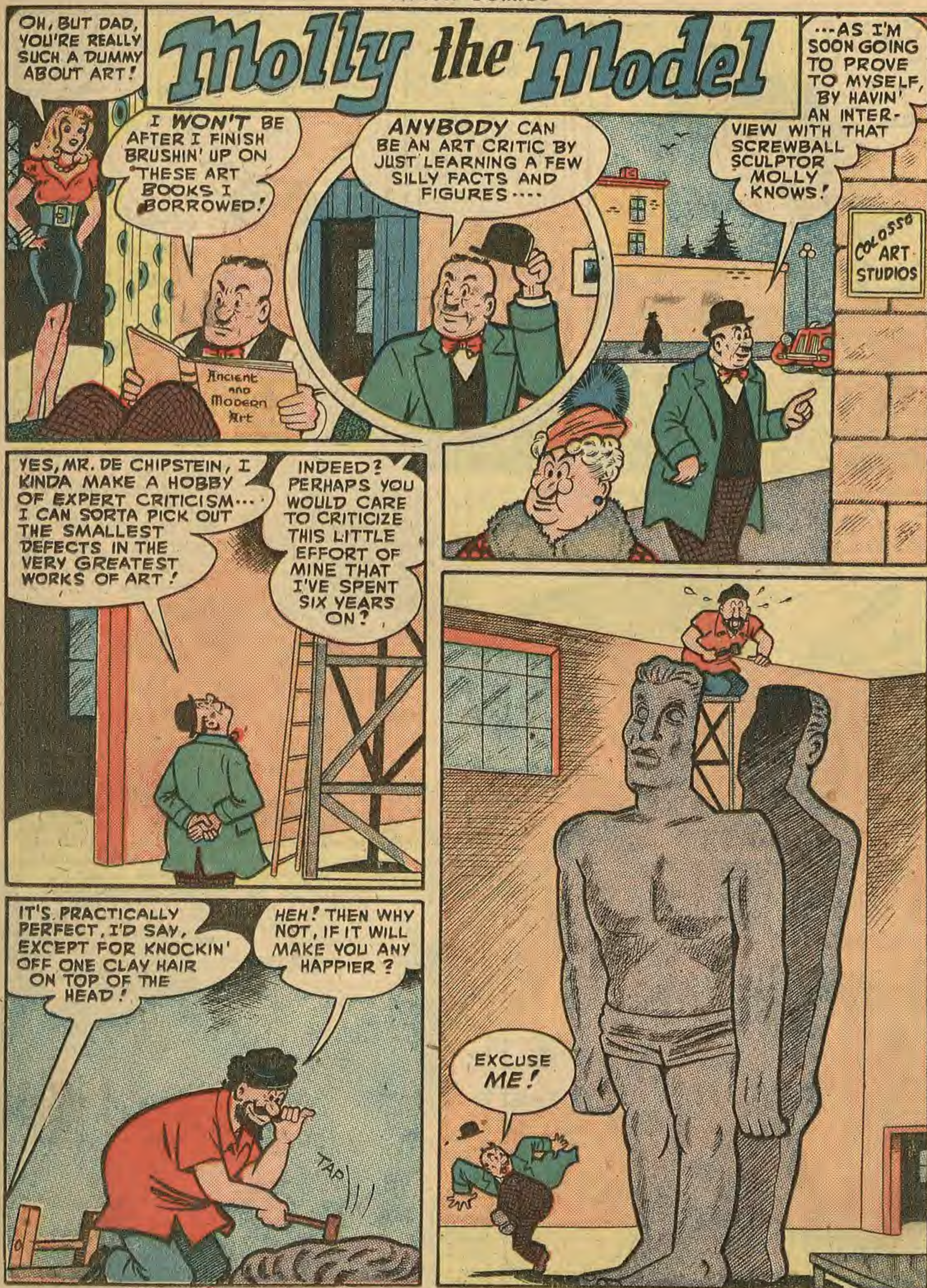
YES, MR. DE CHIPSTEIN, I  
KINDA MAKE A HOBBY  
OF EXPERT CRITICISM...  
I CAN SORTA PICK OUT  
THE SMALLEST  
DEFECTS IN THE  
VERY GREATEST  
WORKS OF ART!

INDEED?  
PERHAPS YOU  
WOULD CARE  
TO CRITICIZE  
THIS LITTLE  
EFFORT OF  
MINE THAT  
I'VE SPENT  
SIX YEARS  
ON?

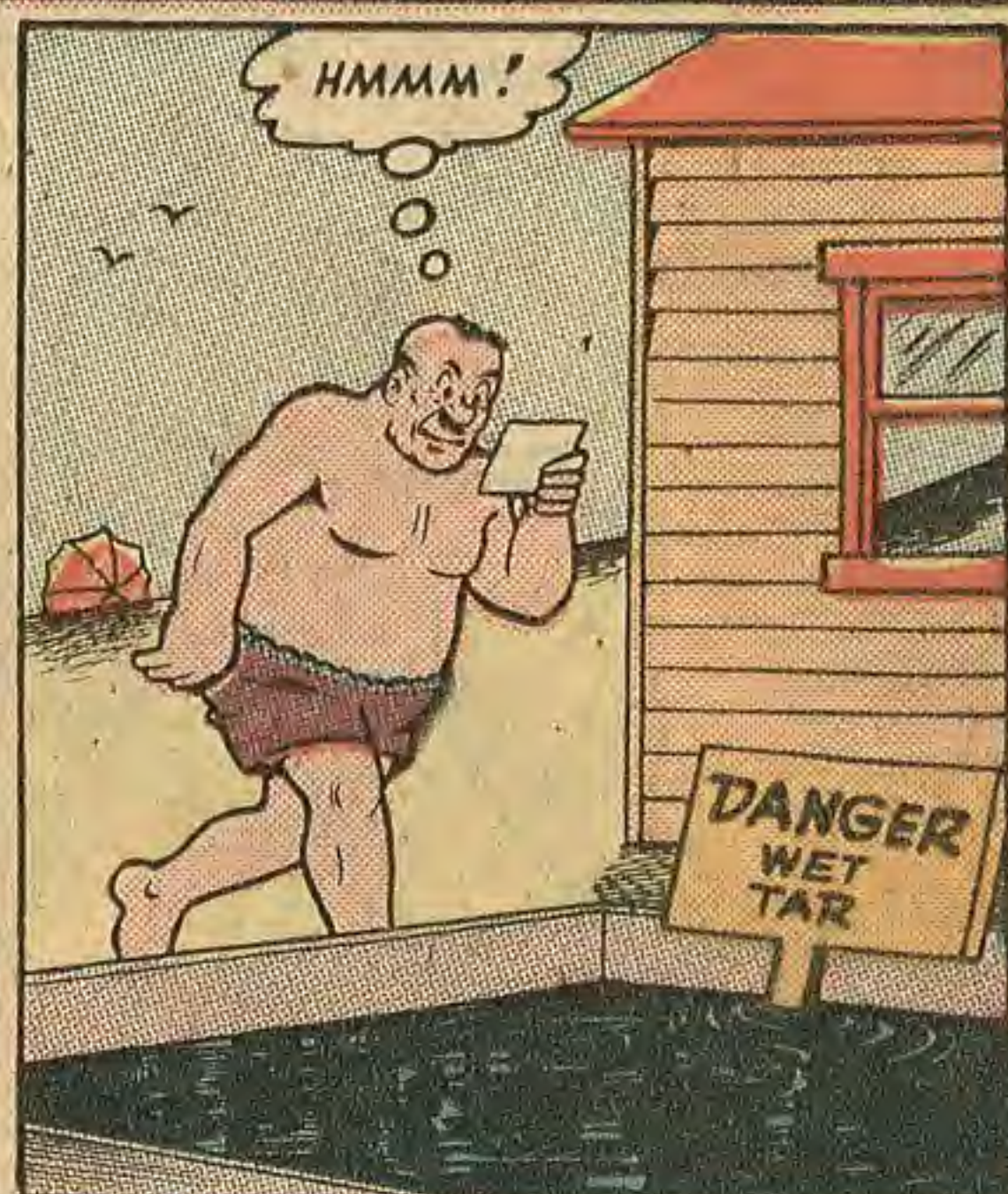
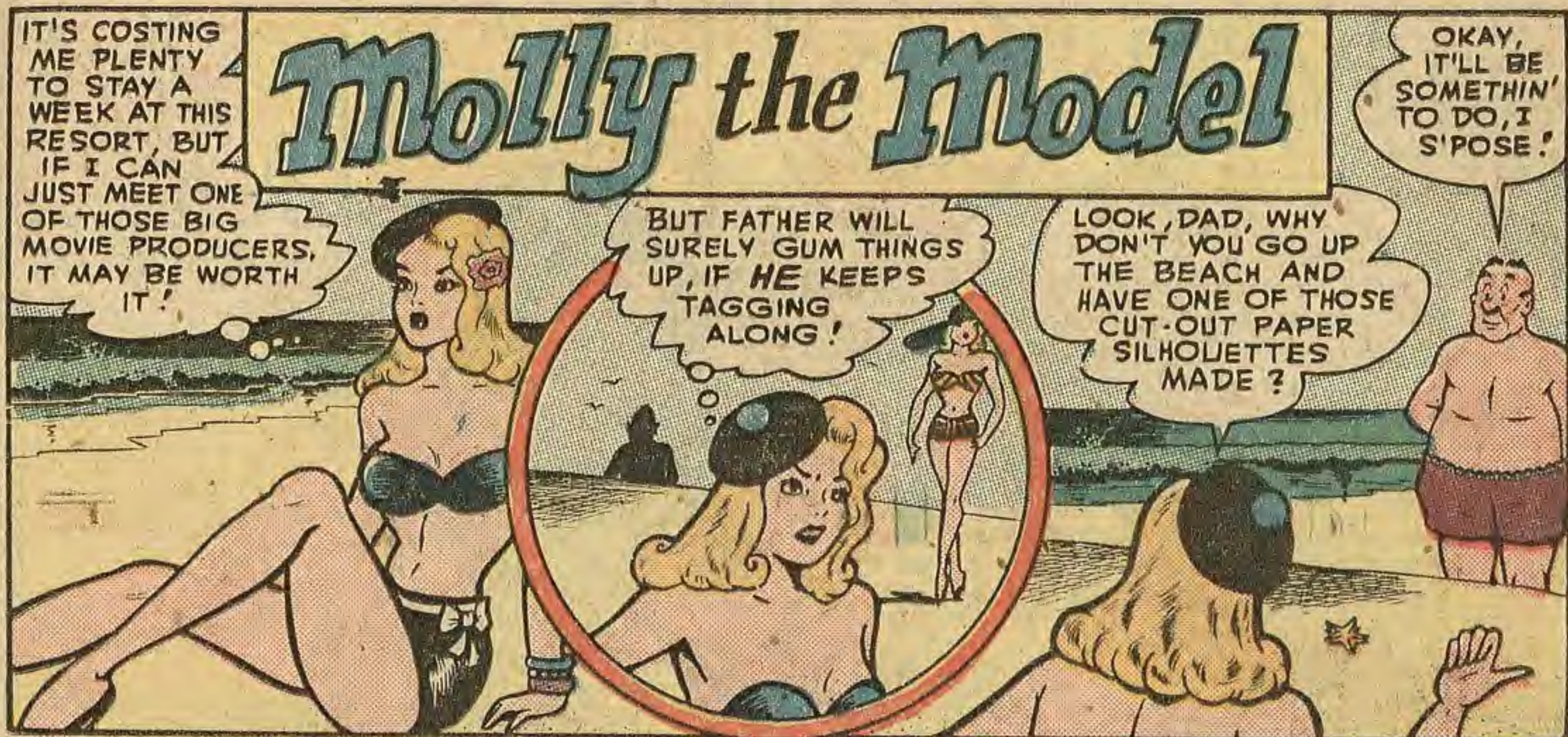
IT'S PRACTICALLY  
PERFECT, I'D SAY,  
EXCEPT FOR KNOCKIN'  
OFF ONE CLAY HAIR  
ON TOP OF THE  
HEAD!

HEH! THEN WHY  
NOT, IF IT WILL  
MAKE YOU ANY  
HAPPIER?

EXCUSE  
ME!









# HACK O'HARA

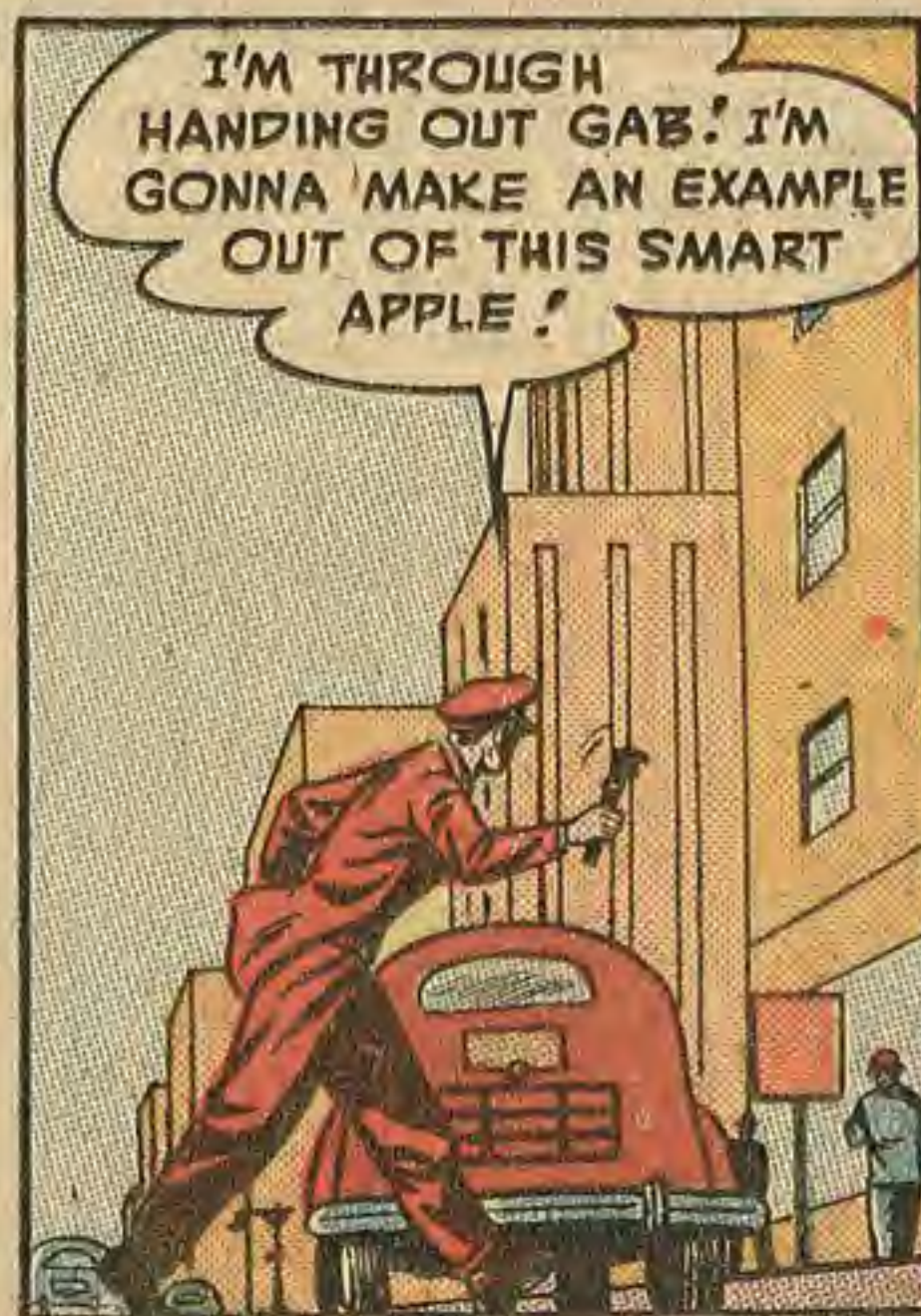
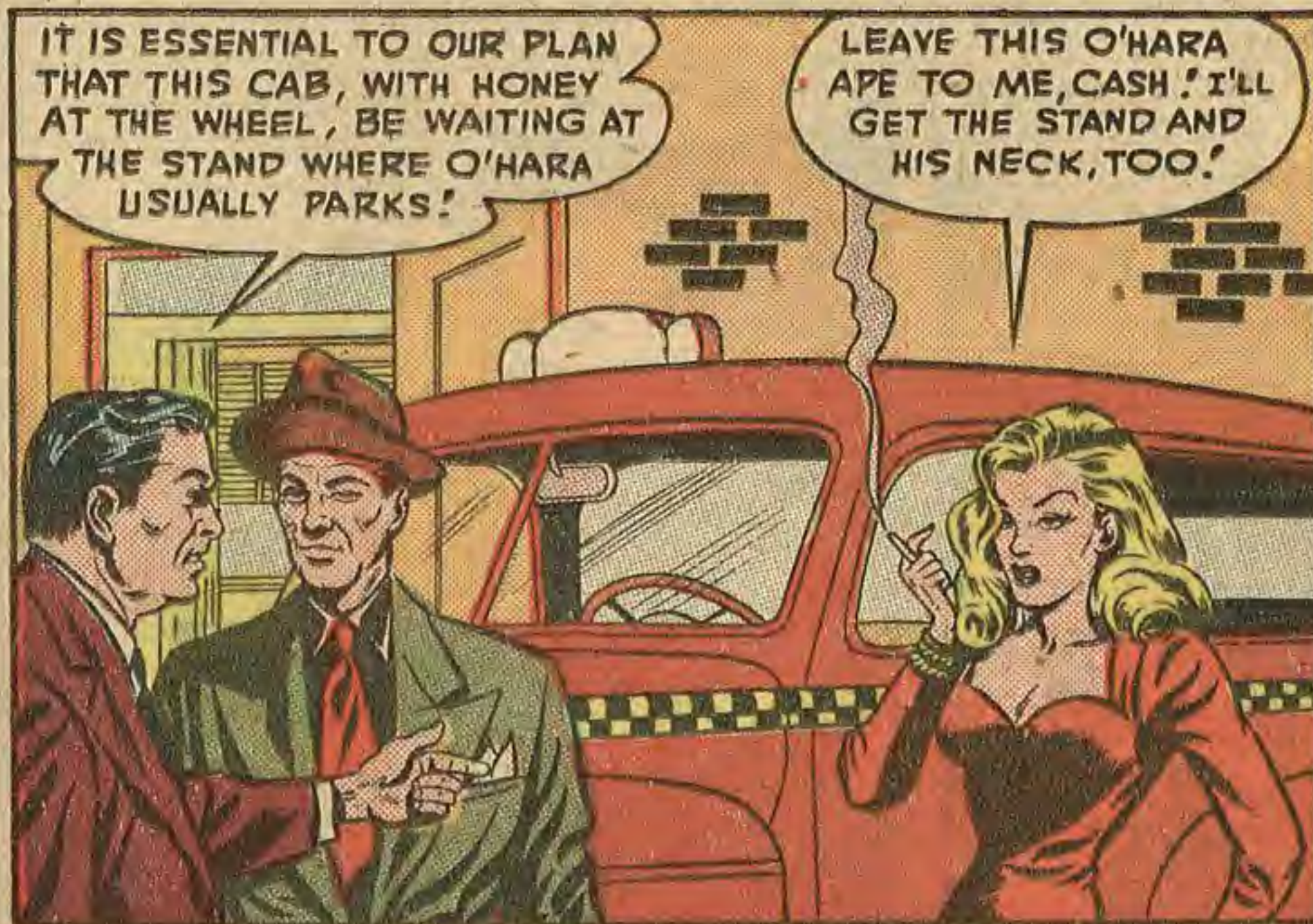
Somebody once said Hack O'Hara had an adding machine brain, a cast-iron jaw, pile-driver fists... and an ice-water heart!

So a blonde bombshell set out to dig for Hack's heart and, incidentally, mine a little gold at the same time! But Hack had a most convincing way of proving that LOVE and LARCENY DON'T MIX!





# CRACK COMICS

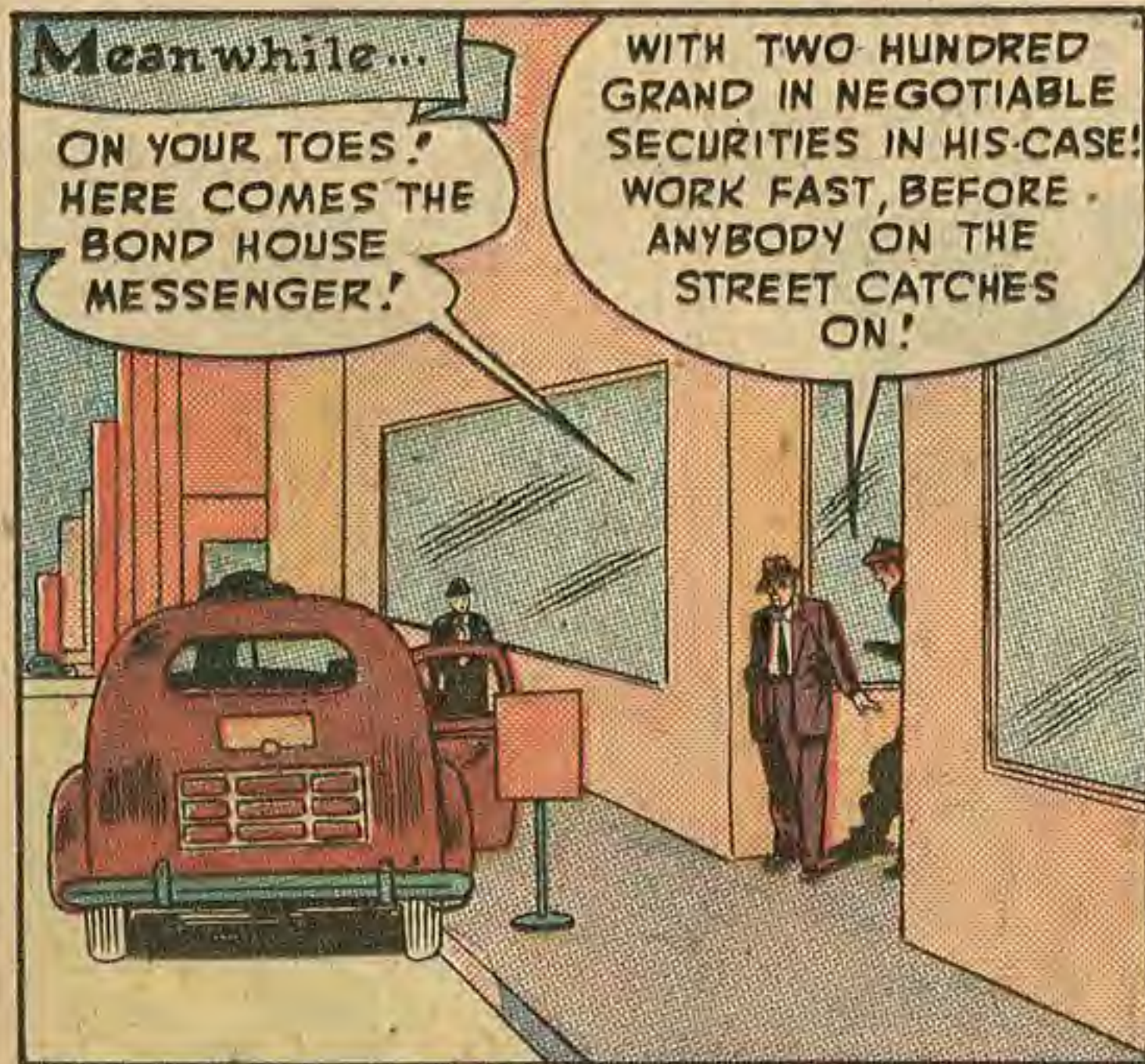
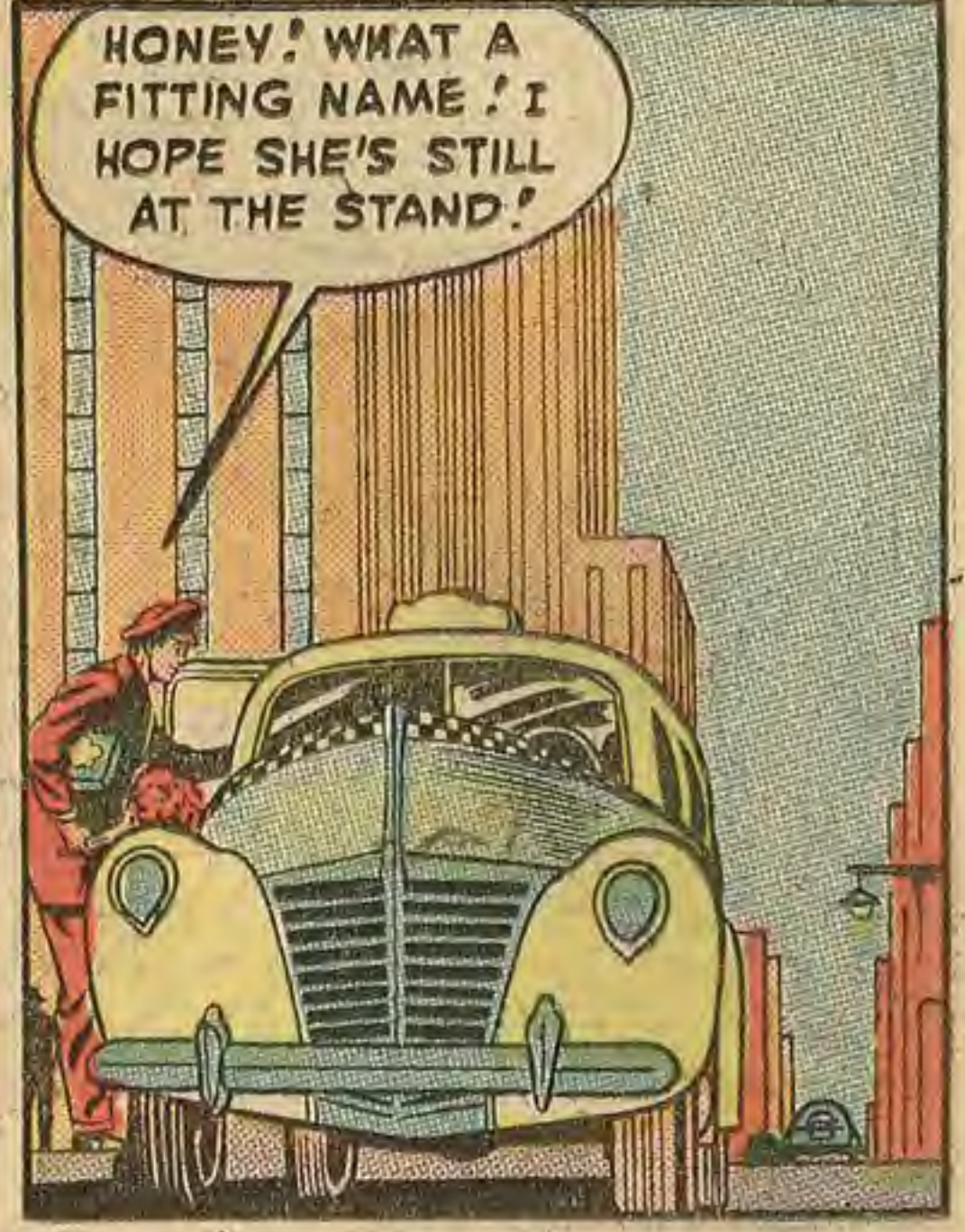




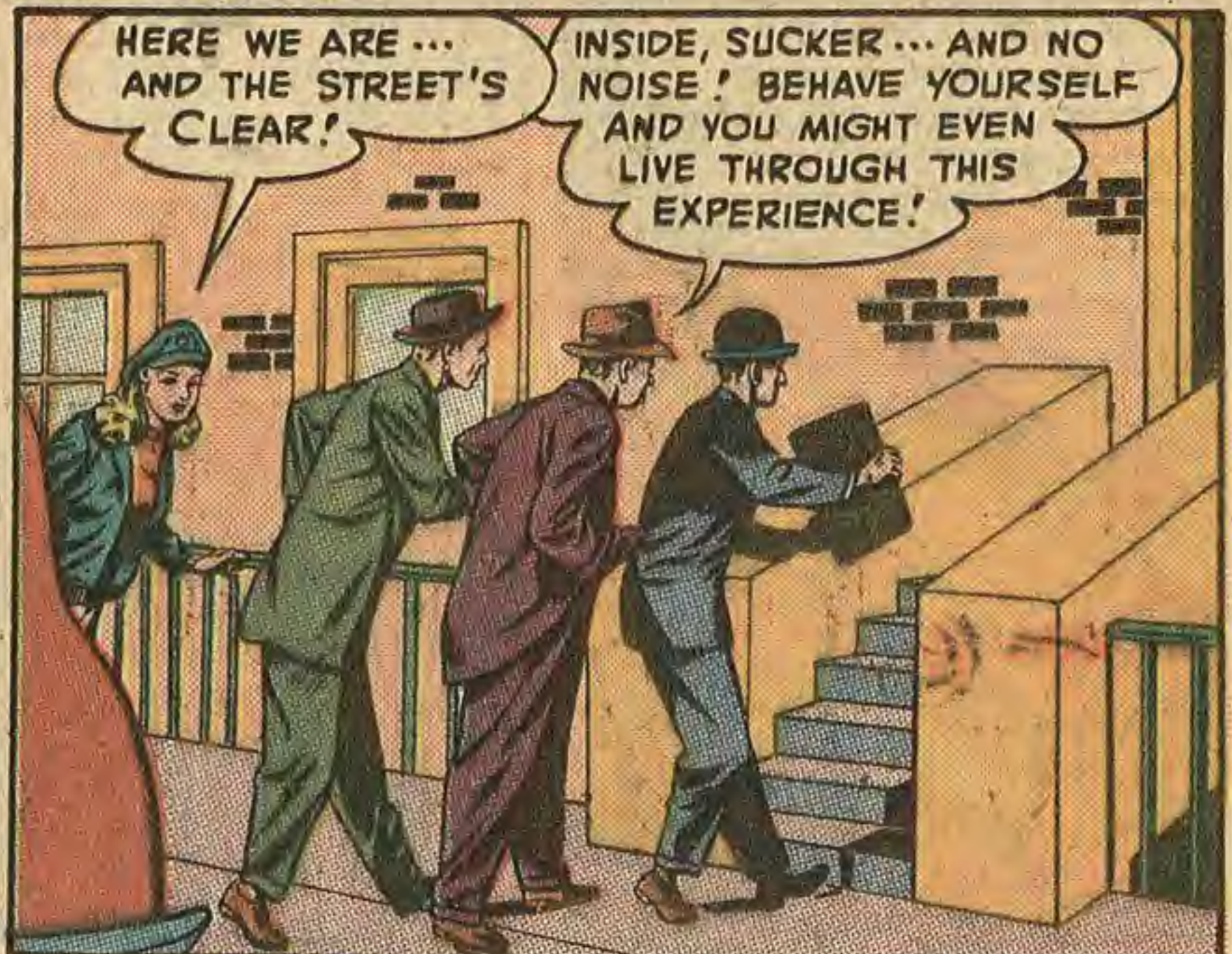




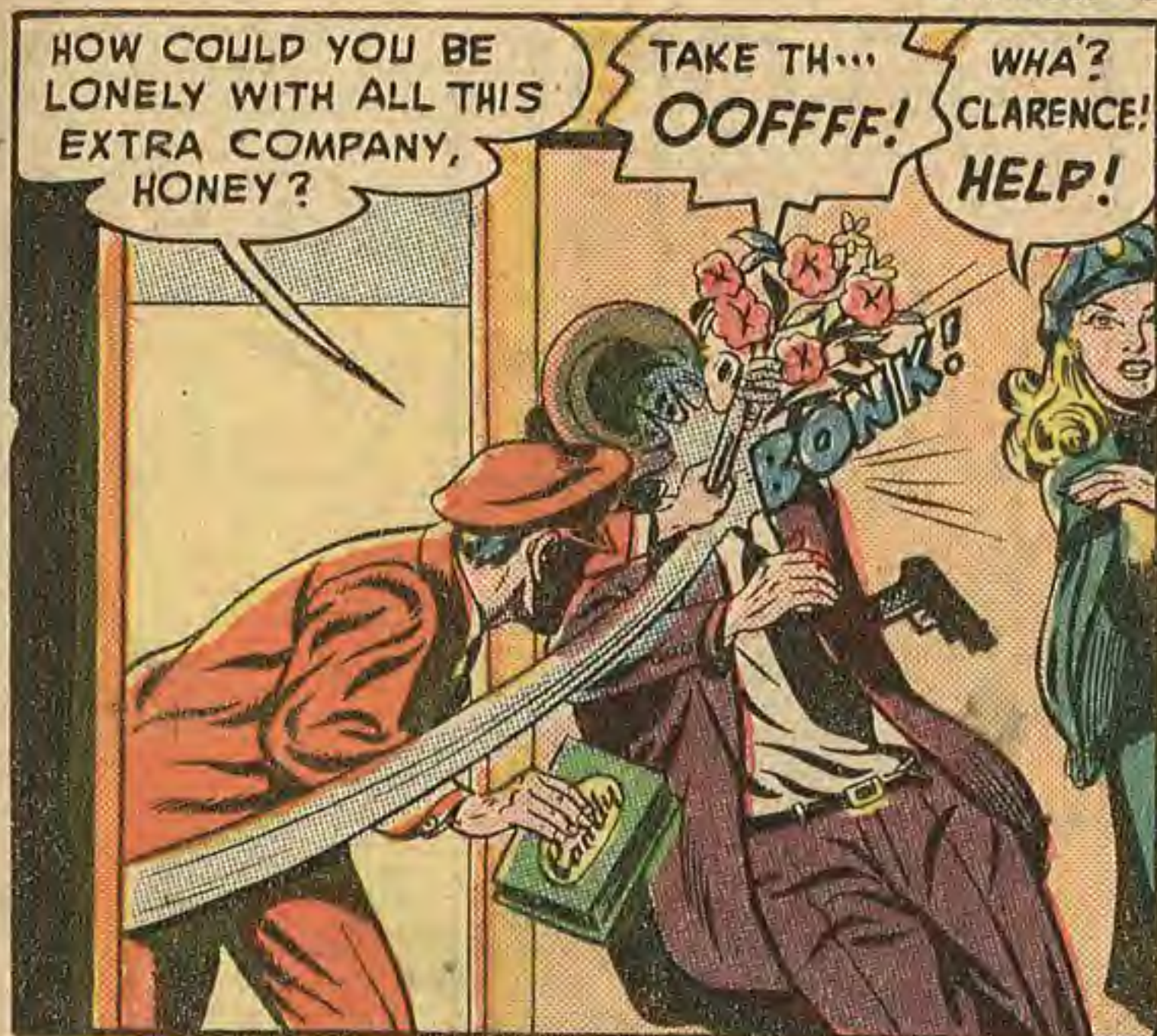
# CRACK COMICS













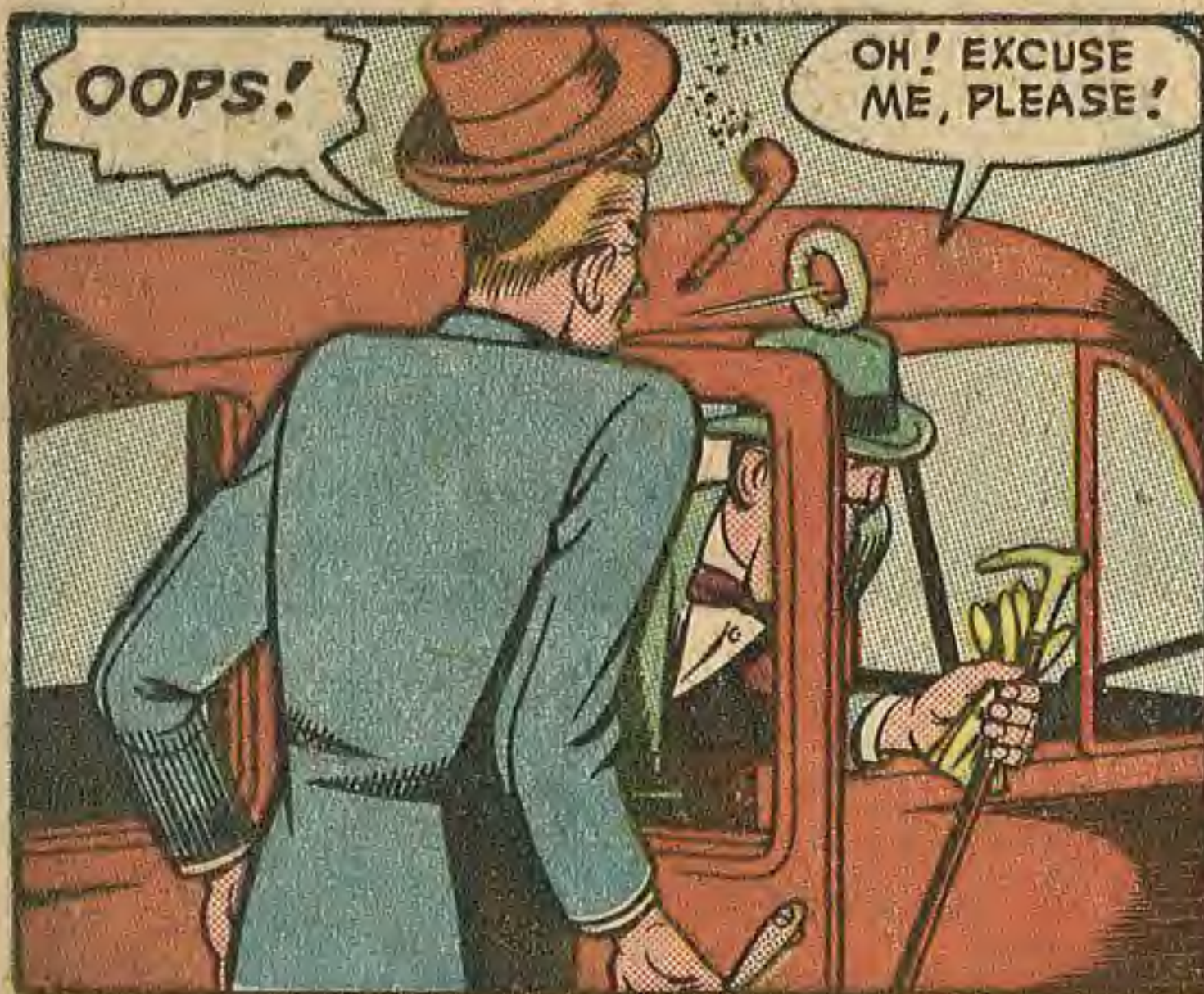
# Pen Miller



I'M REALLY IN THE SOUP THIS TIME! THE SHEET GOES TO BED AT SIX THIS EVENING... AND I HAVEN'T THE GHOST OF A STORY FOR MY STRIP!

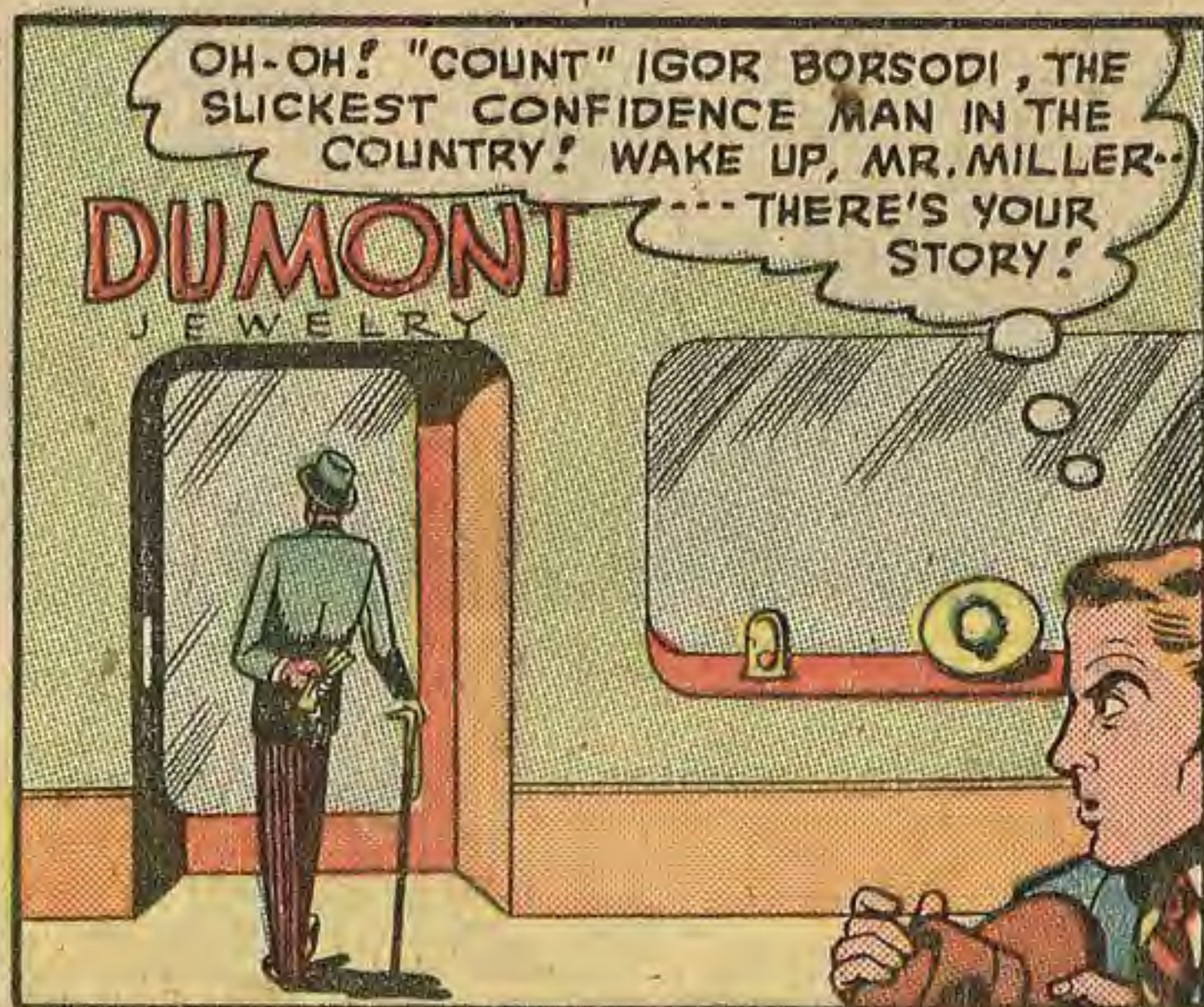


By Klaus



OOPS!

OH! EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!



OH-OH! "COUNT" IGOR BORSODI, THE SLICKEST CONFIDENCE MAN IN THE COUNTRY! WAKE UP, MR. MILLER... THERE'S YOUR STORY!

DUMONT JEWELRY



AHHH, MR. BORSODI, IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN! MAY I BE OF SERVICE?

I SINCERELY HOPE YOU CAN, MR. HIGGINS! I HAVE AN UNUSUAL REQUEST TO MAKE!



# CRACK COMICS







BUT I GUESS THAT LEAVES YOU IN THE CLEAR, BORSODI... FOR A WHILE, ANYWAY!

YOU MEDDLING IDIOT! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF THIS!



MY NAME'S PEN MILLER, GENTLEMEN! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT YOUR MR. BORSODI IS AN INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN CONFIDENCE MAN!

WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN HIS OCCUPATION! BORSODI BOUGHT A PEARL HERE... AND PAID FIVE THOUSAND FOR IT... CASH!



IF I WERE YOU, I'D HAVE THAT MONEY CHECKED! IT MIGHT BE COUNTERFEIT!

FORTUNATELY, YOU ARE NOT US...AND WE DID CHECK IT! IT WAS GOOD!



Later...

SO WHAT? A CON-MAN BUYS A PEARL AND PAYS FIVE G'S FOR IT! WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT?

I KNOW BORSODI'S HABITS, CHIEF! THAT PURCHASE WAS JUST A SOFTENER FOR THE BIG KILL! I'LL STAKE MY REPUTATION ON IT!



YOUR HUNCH BETTER BE RIGHT, PEN! IF IT ISN'T, YOU'RE LEAVING THE PAPER OPEN FOR A WALLOPING LIBEL SUIT!

DUMONT'S IS ADVERTISING FOR THE MATE TO THAT PEARL IN THIS EVENING'S PAPER! THE TIP-OFF WILL PROBABLY SHOW IN THE MORNING SHEETS! IF I'M WRONG, I'LL APOLOGIZE!



At home that evening...

OWO! AT LONG LAST ME FIND WHAT YOU LOOK FOR, MIST' MILLER!

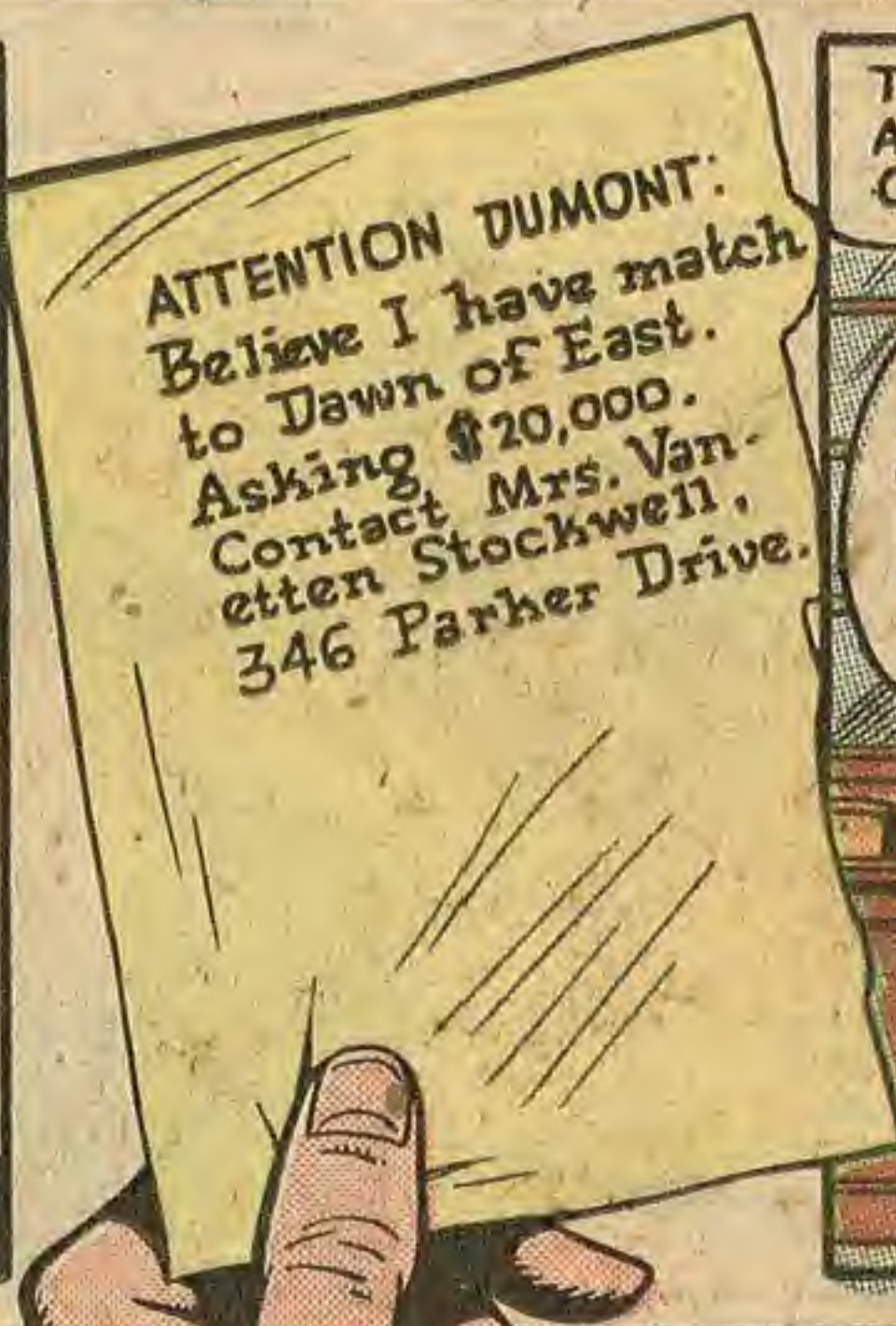
GREAT, CHOP! LET'S HAVE IT!



ATTENTION DEALERS-COLLECTORS: Dumont's interested in acquiring mate to famous Dawn of East pearl. Must match in color, texture, hue and shape. Will pay to \$15,000 for best match. Contact Dumont's immediately, or advertise in this column.

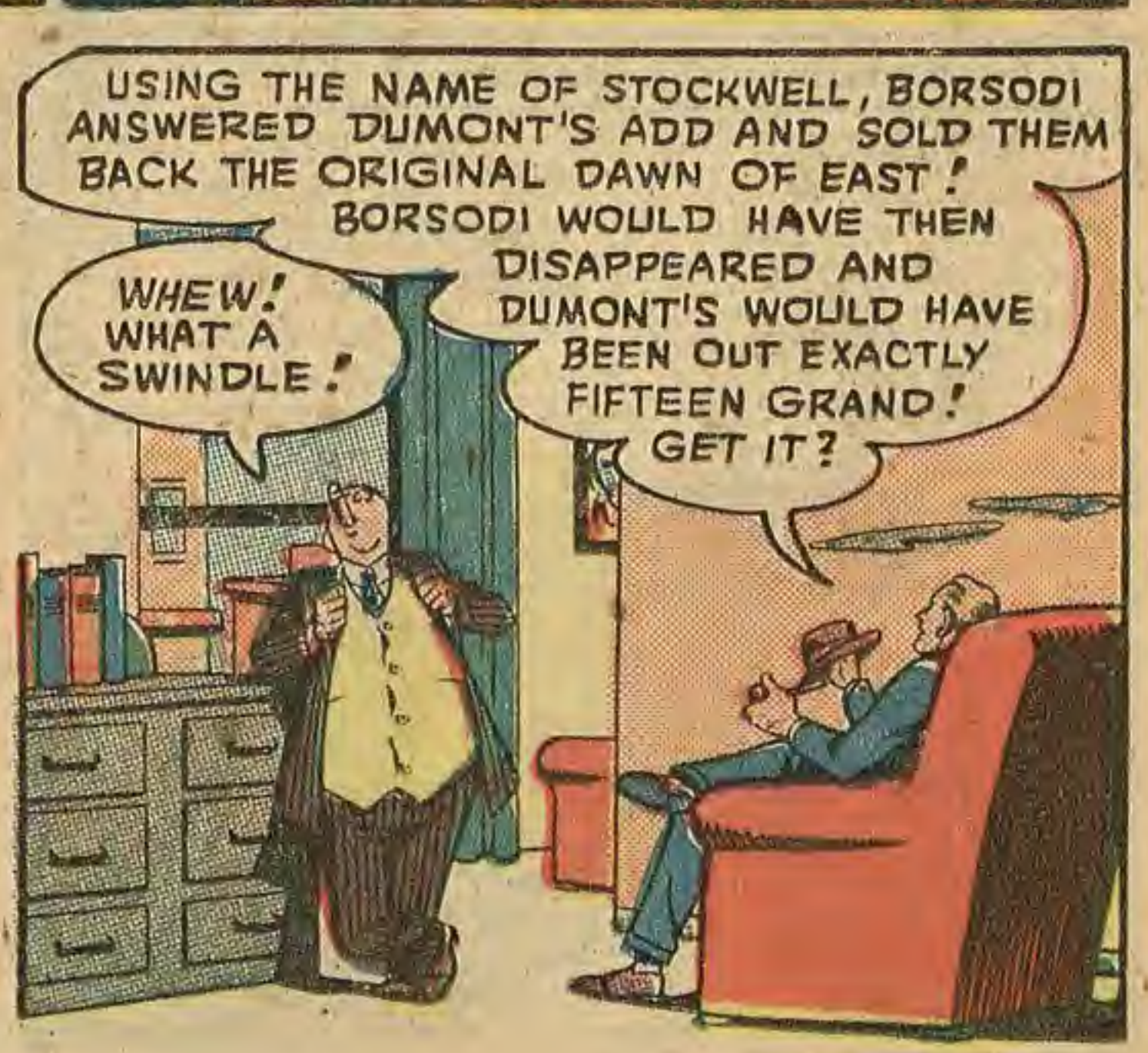


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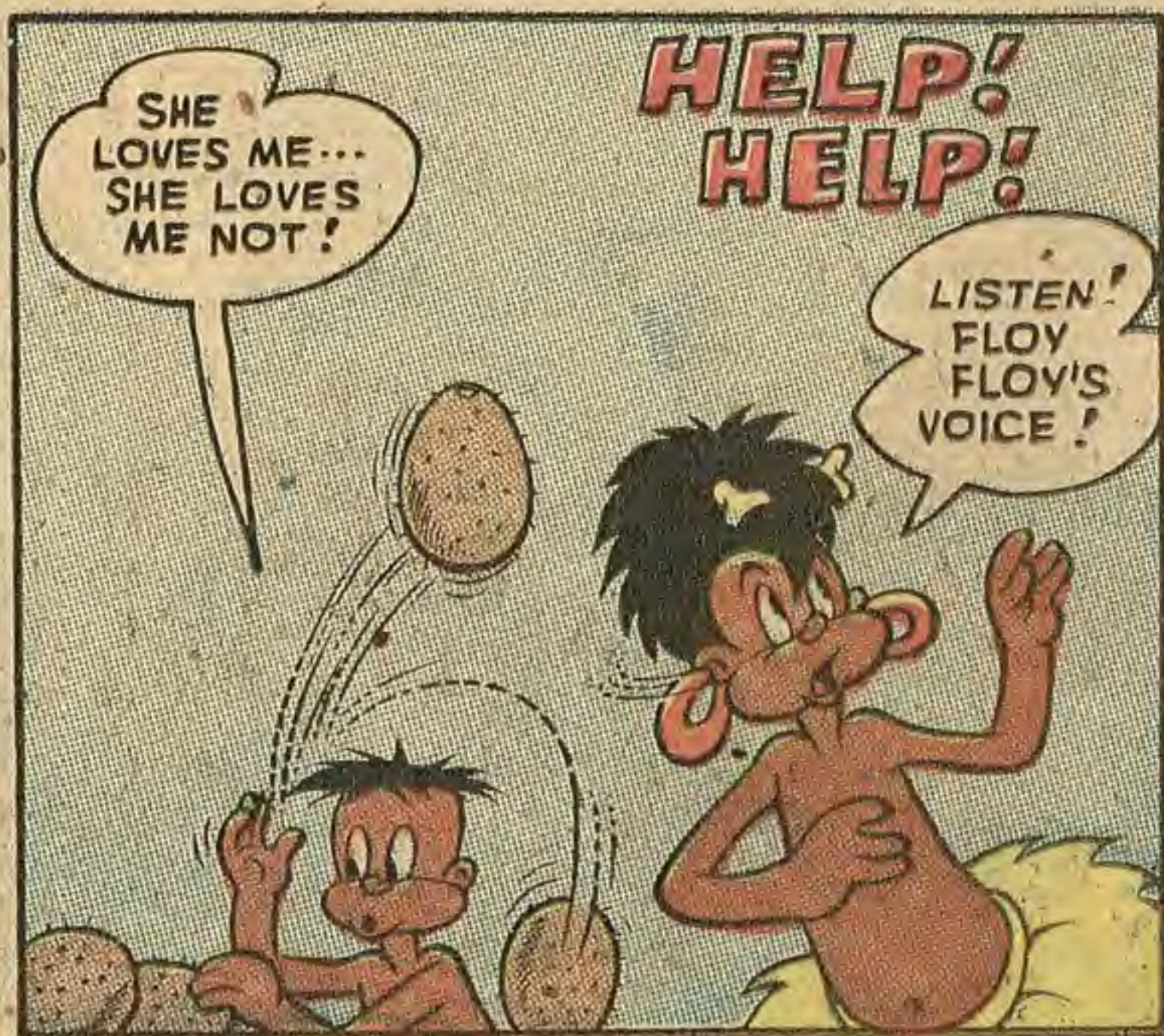


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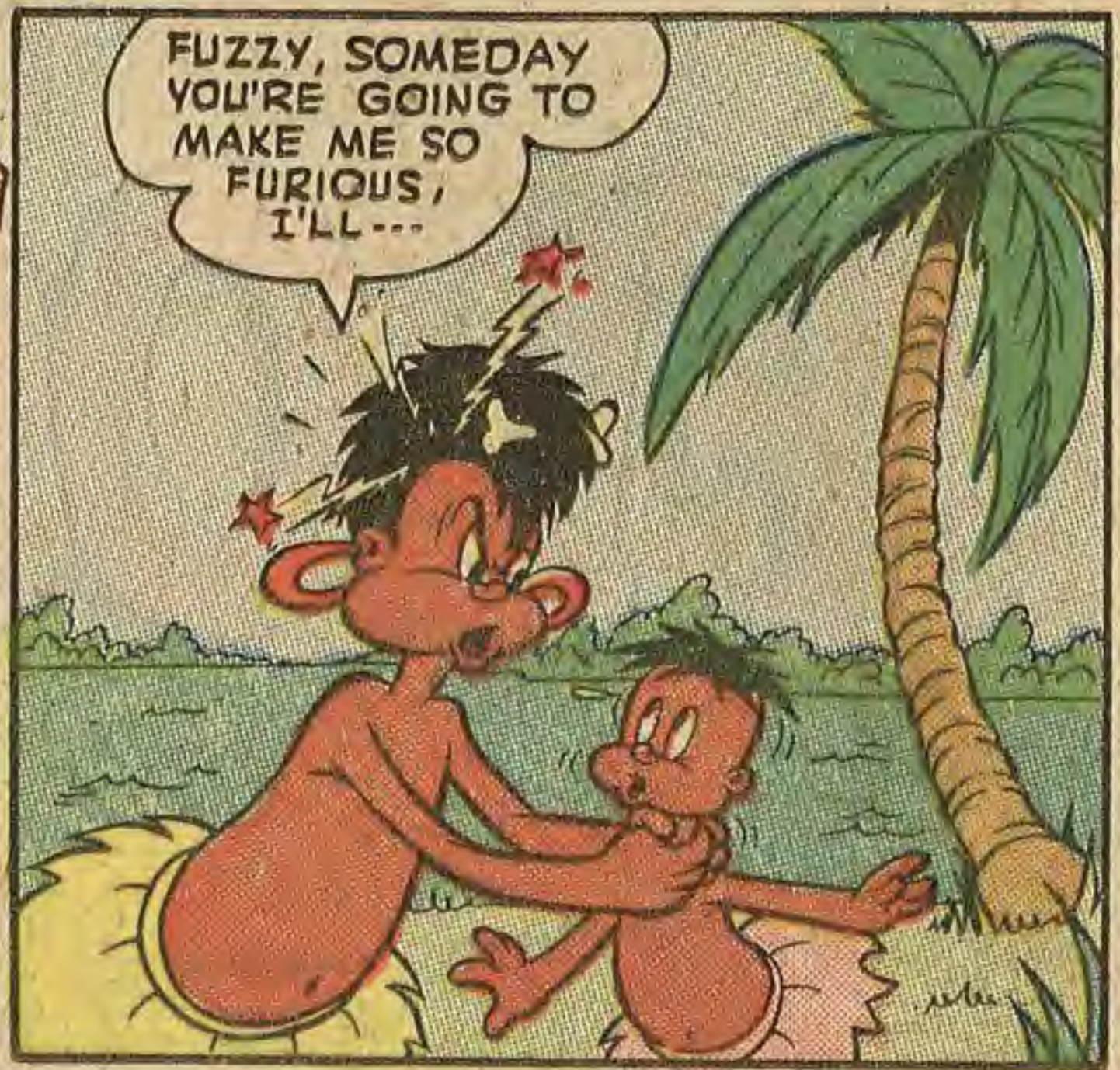
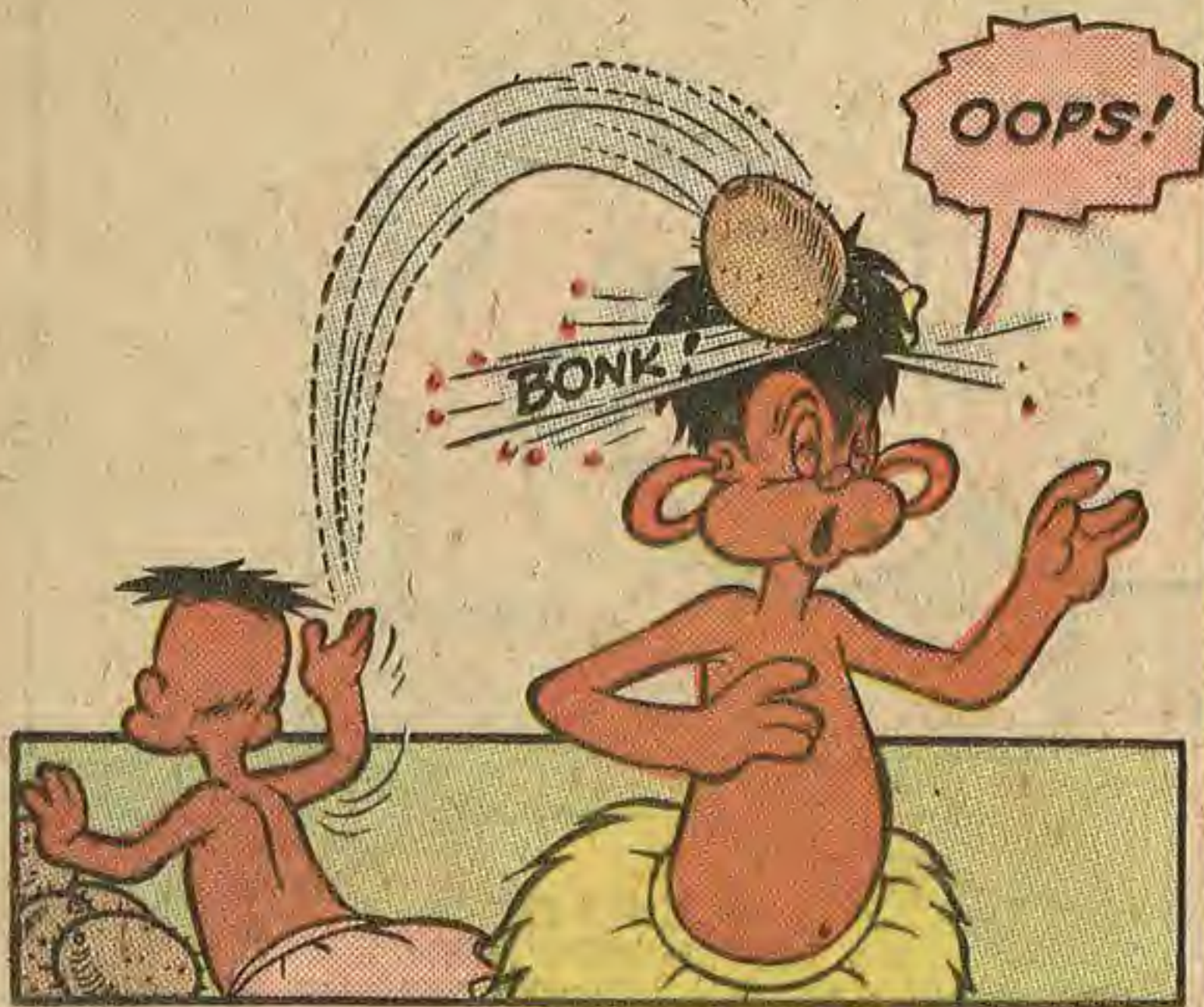




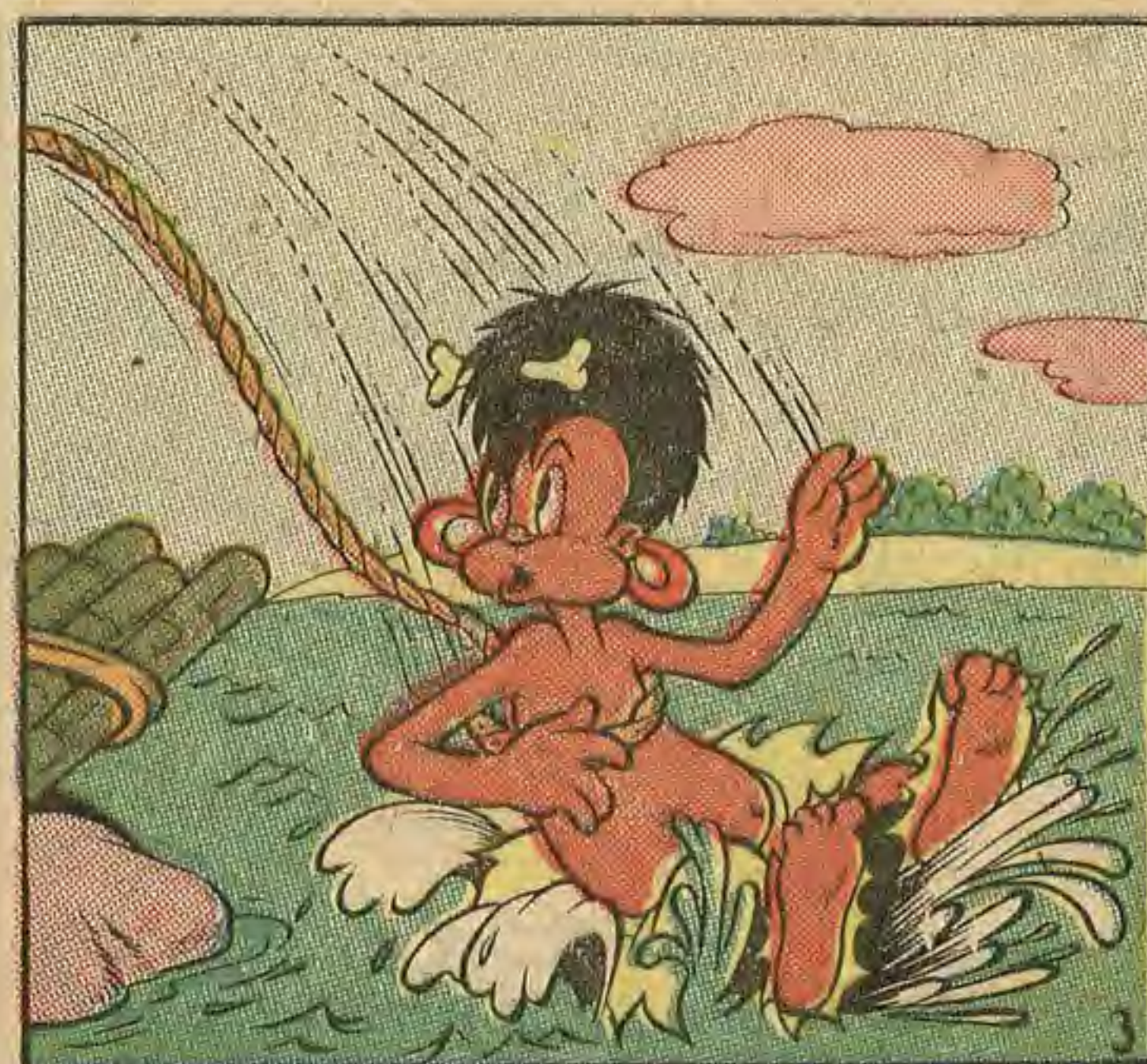
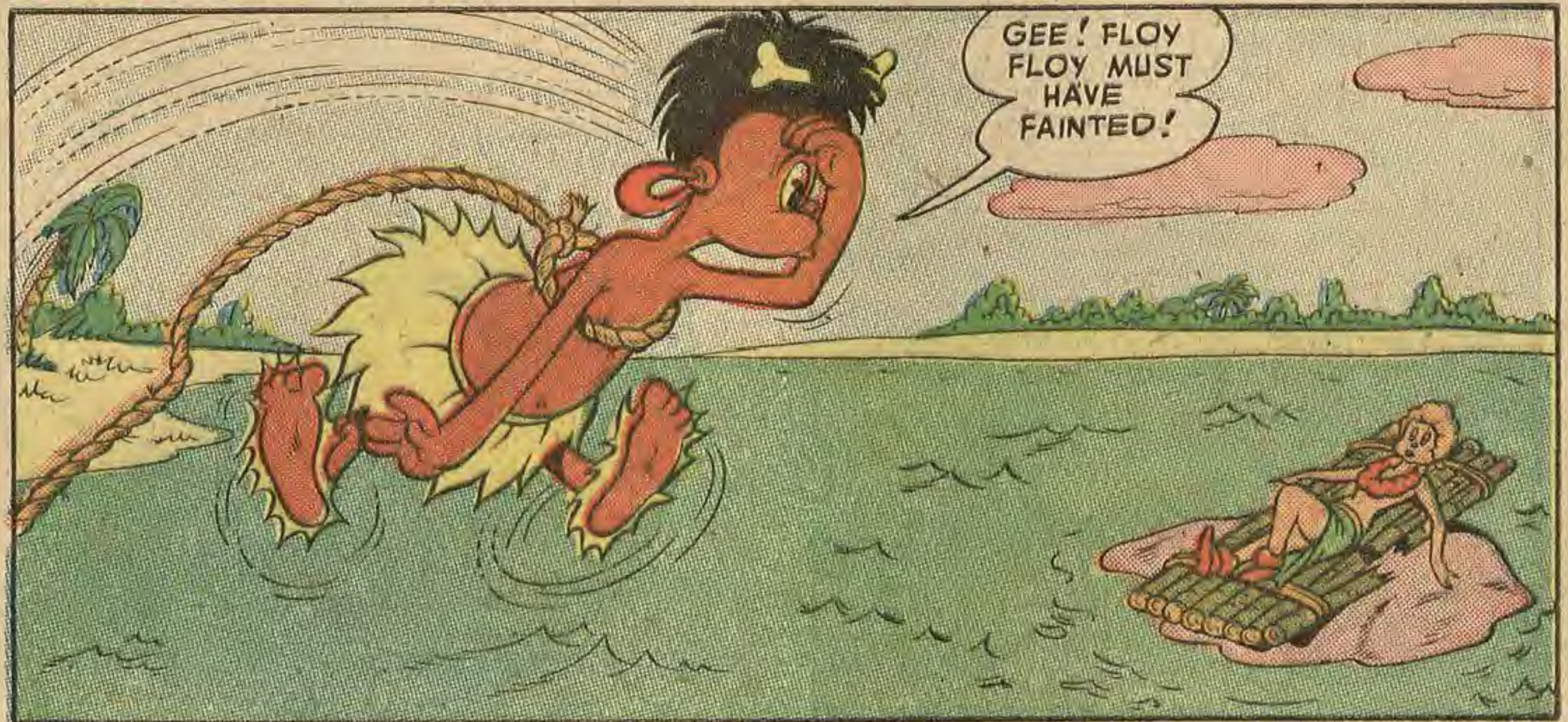
# FLOOY





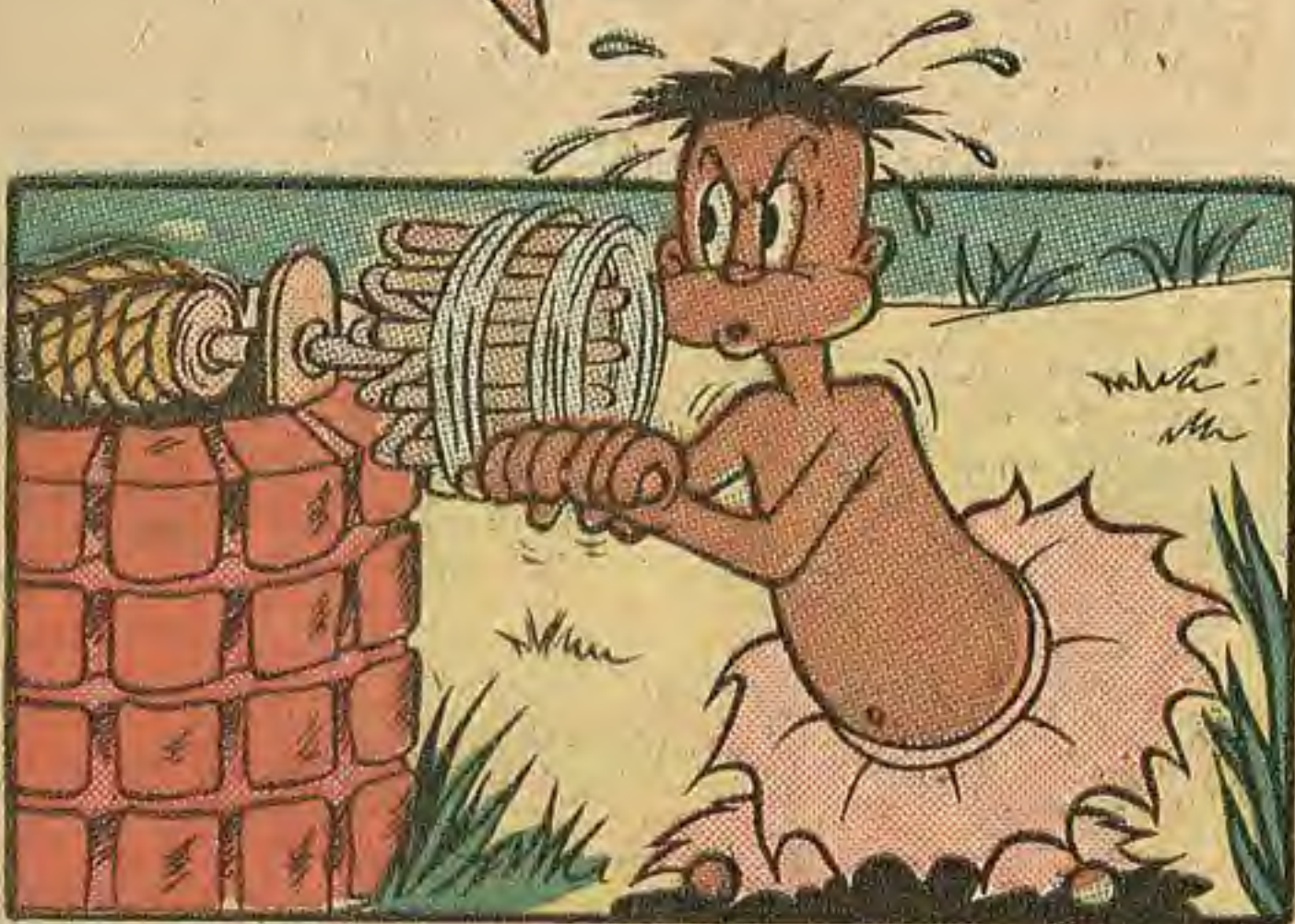








GOLLY, I DO ALL THE  
WORK : PUFF : PUFF :  
AND FLOOGY WILL GET  
ALL THE CREDIT!



**YEEOW!**  
FASTER, FUZZY!  
A SHARK IS  
AFTER US!



: PUFF : BASH THE SHARK  
IN THE TEETH!



WHICH  
TEETH, FUZZY?  
: GULP : HE HAS  
SO MANY!

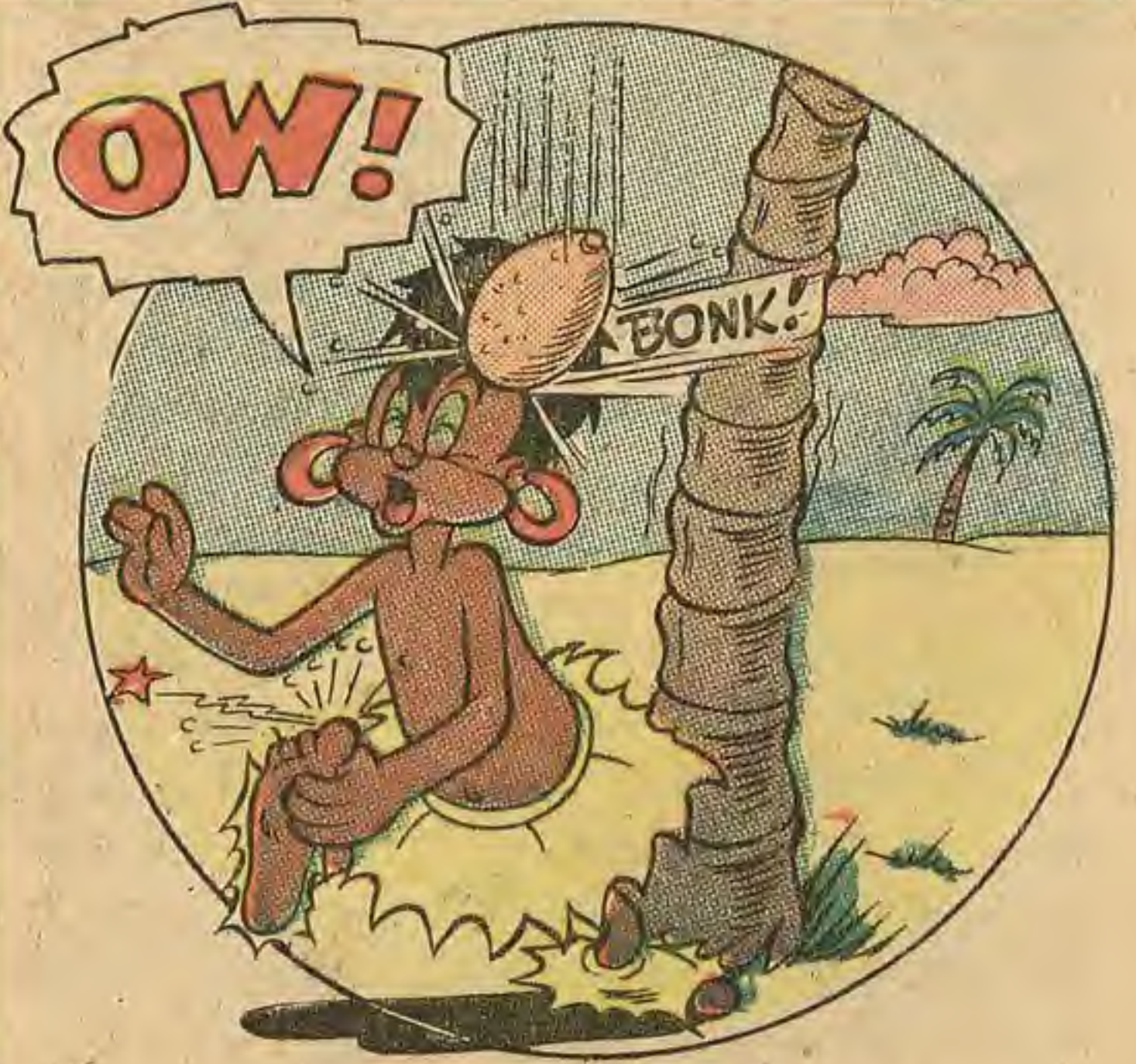
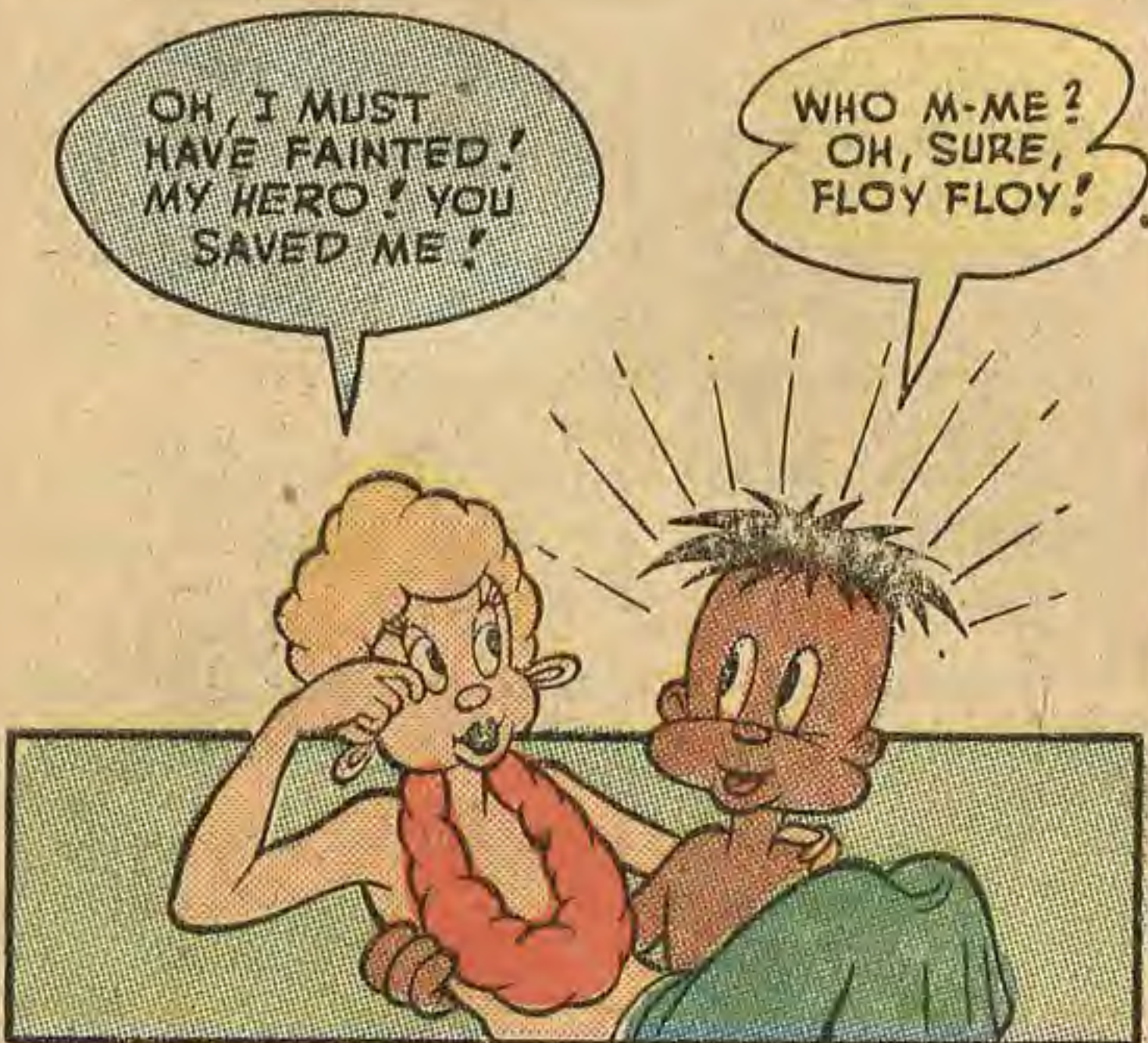


**WOW!**  
THAT WAS  
CLOSE!



RIP!







# MURDERER up a Tree

**J**ACK COOPER, owner of the Lazy Bar Dude Ranch, rode through the last shaggy canyon that fringed his boundary. He was in deep thought. The season had been fair, cattle prices had gone up, and so had rates for the tourists.

He pushed his big sombrero back on his head and took several sniffs of the warm pine air. This was a glorious country. It was—

Cooper fell back over his horse's tail and landed in a heap on the trail. The bullet had gone in his temple. Range-bred, the horse stood by with dragging reins.

It was thus that Lance Gallant and Kim Meredith found the rancher.

"Why, it's Mr. Cooper!" cried Kim, leaping out of her saddle.

Lance got down. "He's been shot with a high-powered rifle."

Lance gathered the man up and slung him over his saddle.

"We'll take him in to the ranch, Kim. The police, or sheriff, must be notified."

They rode to the ranch, Kim sharing her horse with Lance.

Lance made a check of the cowboys; they were all present.

"Who shot him, does anybody have an idea?" he asked of the crowd in general.

Hank Mehin, the foreman, stepped forward. "Nobody had it in for Jack," he said. "Didn't have an enemy in the country that I know of."

The others made the same report.

"He hasn't been dead more than an hour," said Lance.

The sheriff came, and the usual questions were asked of everybody. There were only five guests at the ranch at this time—all of them accounted for. None had been riding that morning, except Lance and Kim.

"Funny you didn't hear a shot," the sheriff said, eyeing them with a hint of suspicion.

Lance grinned. "Yes. I suppose we naturally fall under suspicion, being the only ones who were away from the ranch at the time it happened."

The sheriff smiled. "I guess it isn't as bad as that," he said. "I happen to know you are quite interested in criminology; but you'll have to make a report at headquarters."

"I know."

Lance did a lot of thinking the rest of the day. By evening, he had arrived at practically nothing. One thing he found out: Hank Mehin, the foreman, had been with Cooper for many years. They were valuable to each other, but no love was lost between them.

"Now," said Lance to Kim later, "that is something at least. I'm going to see if I can get a look at Cooper's will."

Lance rode into town the next day and called upon Barnaby Wright, Attorney.

"Well, Mr. Gallant, it's a bit irregular but since a murder is involved, I guess we can skip it. . . . Yes, I'll show you Cooper's will."

He went to a safe and drew out a document, tossed it on the desk in front of Lance. The latter gave it a hasty glance.

"Hmmm-mm," he said. "All right, Mr. Wright. Thanks a lot. Be seeing you later." He left the office.

Lance kept an eye on Hank Mehin for the next two or three days, making no discoveries. Mehin rode the range with the other cowboys, kept a decent set of books on operations, and conducted himself above reproach.

"But I have a strange feeling about him," Lance told Kim. "There's something—"

"You're always getting hunches, Lance," Kim laughed.

"And sometimes they are good ones."



The sheriff's men worked on the case for a week, turning up nothing. The reason for Jack Cooper's murder was simply unknown.

Could it have been suicide?" asked one of the men, then caught himself. "But of course not, since no weapon was found."

"But," said another, "maybe he tossed it into a canyon, among some deep bushes."

Lance shook his head. "I've been over all that territory with a fine-tooth comb."

Hank Mehin came to Lance that night and made a statement: "I know you were in to see Lawyer Wright. Well, you found out that Cooper left me everything." He was diffident about the matter, it seemed to Lance.

"Yes," Lance nodded. "Nothing especially important about that, Mehin. Or is there?"

Mehin looked scared. "If you mean, did I knock off Cooper—"

"Not at all, Mehin. I merely asked you a question. Know the answer?"

"I know nothing," said Mehin, angrily. "I never killed old Cooper, I know that. But someone did."

Lance studied the man before him. "Mehin," he said, "care to ride out there where he was killed in the morning? I want to go over that scene again."

Hank got up. "It's all right with me," he said. "'Bout eight?"

Lance nodded and said good night.

A little past eight the next morning, Lance and Mehin dismounted at the spot where Cooper's body had lain.

"Now, Mehin," he said, "you get back on your horse and put him about where Cooper sat on his horse."

Mehin looked odd, but did it.

"Now," said Lance, "Cooper was shot through the left temple. The bullet came out almost directly across from its point of entry. Now look around."

Mehin did so. "Well?" he said at last.

"To shoot Cooper," Lance said, "his murderer had to stand on his left side, and aim at exactly Cooper's head height. See what I mean?"

Mehin nodded. "But in that case—"

"I see that you catch the idea," Lance interrupted hastily. "Cooper's murderer had to stand in plain sight of Cooper. There's not a tree or bush to screen him."

Mehin scratched his stubbly jaw and shook his head. "Don't make sense, does it?"

"No, Mehin, it doesn't. But I'll know more when I receive the ballistic report on the bullet that killed Cooper. Should be here this afternoon. Let's go back."

The ballistic report on the lethal bullet cleared up an important fact for Lance. It had been fired, not by a high-powered rifle, but a powerful foreign pistol of small calibre.

"But where is it?"

Lance paced back and forth in the pepper tree-shaded patio until late that night. He couldn't come to anything that pointed to reason or method.

Almost without knowing what he did, Lance rubbed the birthmark on his left wrist! The ghost of his dead brother, Michael, appeared before him, filmy at first, then vanishing, as it merged into Lance's body and they became Captain Triumph, dreaded nemesis of criminals all over the world.

Captain Triumph swirled out of the patio, unseen by anyone. Quickly he was whirling over the ground toward the murder spot. He believed Mehin innocent . . . but he must prove it. The moon was soft and silvery on the spot where Jack Cooper had toppled to his death. The surrounding canyons and distant mountains were dark, misty along the edges where the moonlight frosted them.

Captain Triumph hardly gave the spot a glance. He started climbing a tall tree that stood near the fatal spot and on the right side of the trail. He only climbed a few feet. The branches were thick. But he found what he was looking for: an ugly little Luger automatic with a silencer on its barrel.

The gun swung from a cord. The end of the cord was attached to a flexible limb. The gun could easily be drawn down to the trail.

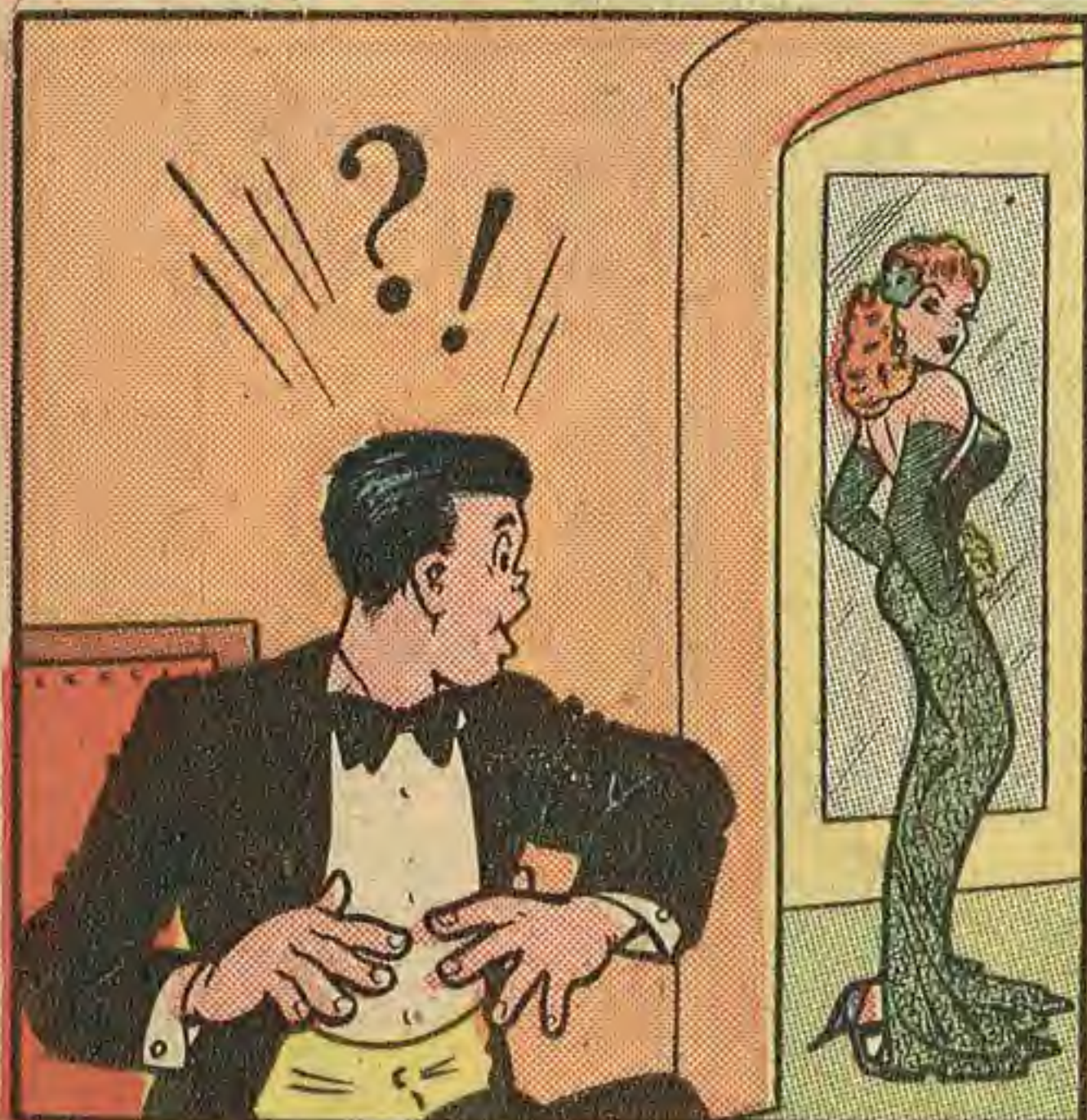
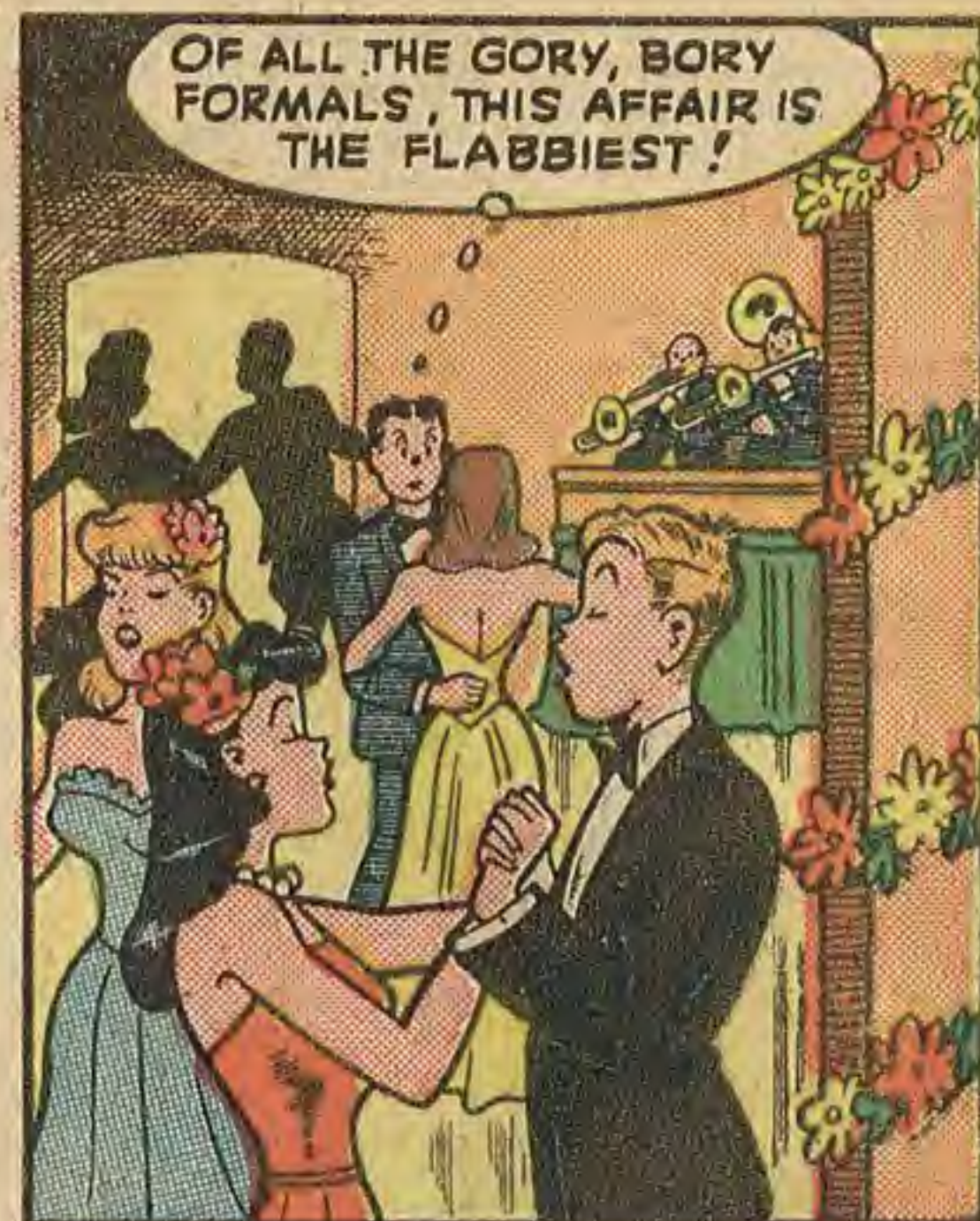
Yes, Lance thought, Cooper held it to his head, fired, and let go. The gun shot upward, out of sight. Clever trick to incriminate Hank Mehin, whom he hated.





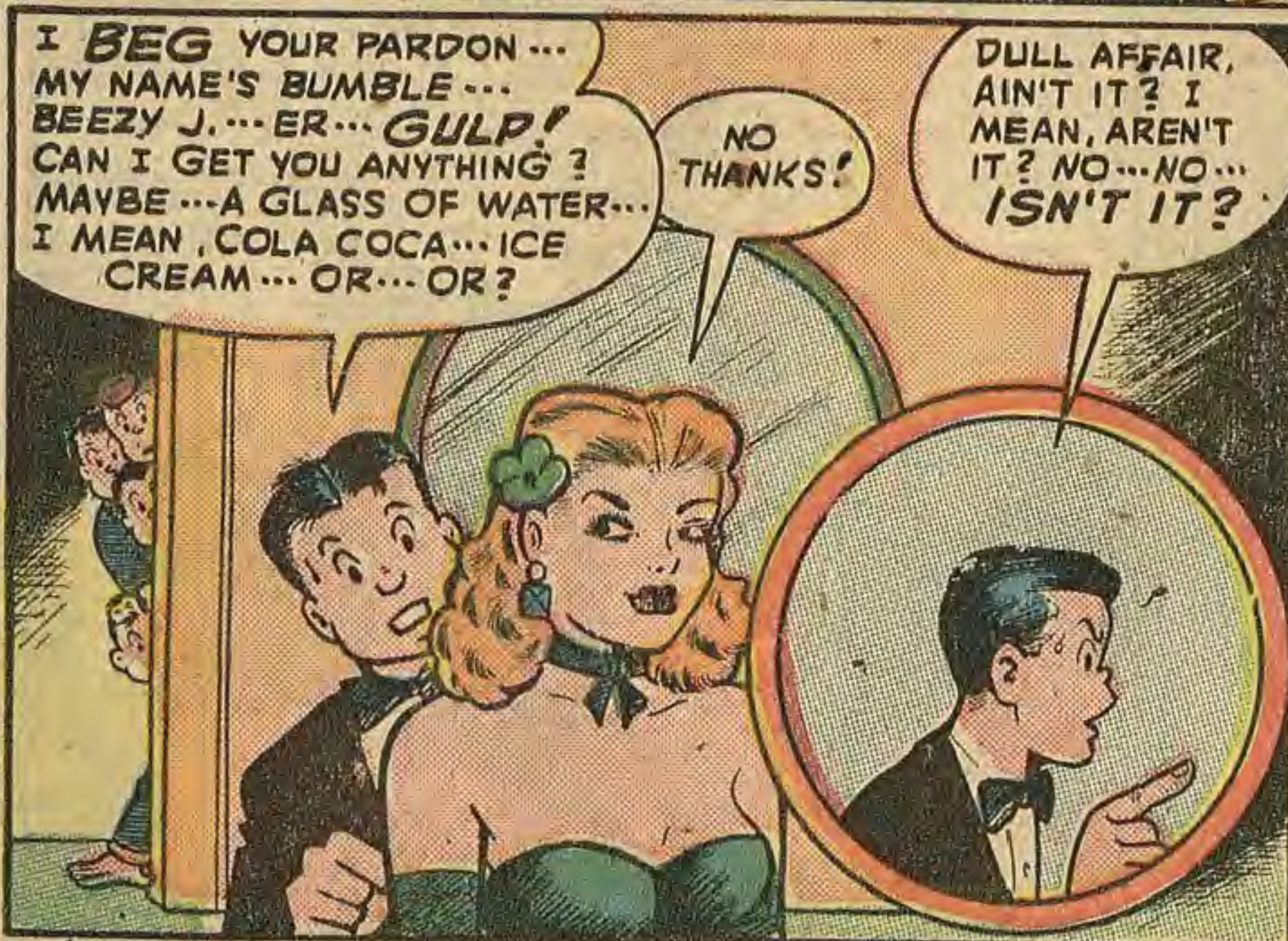
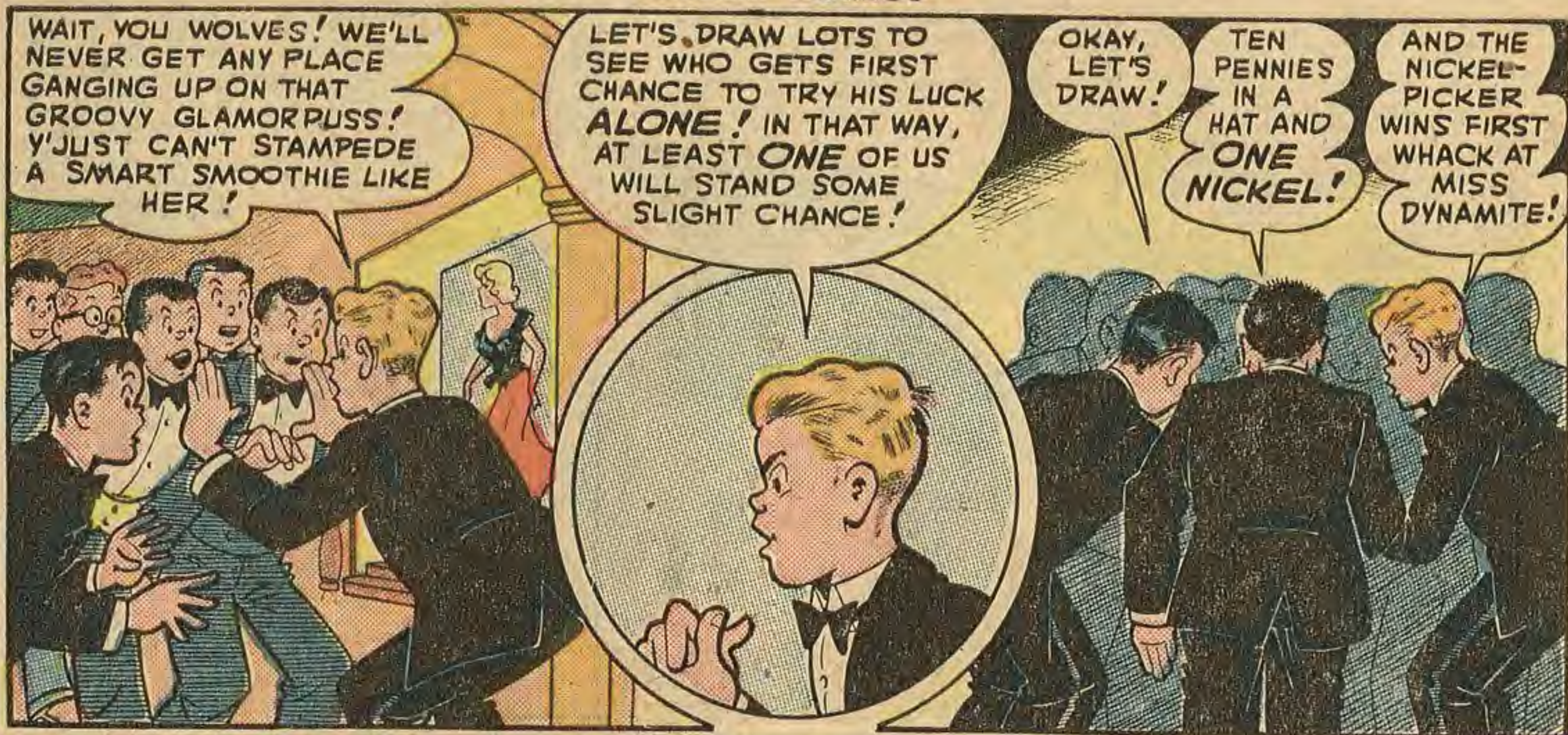


# BEEZY



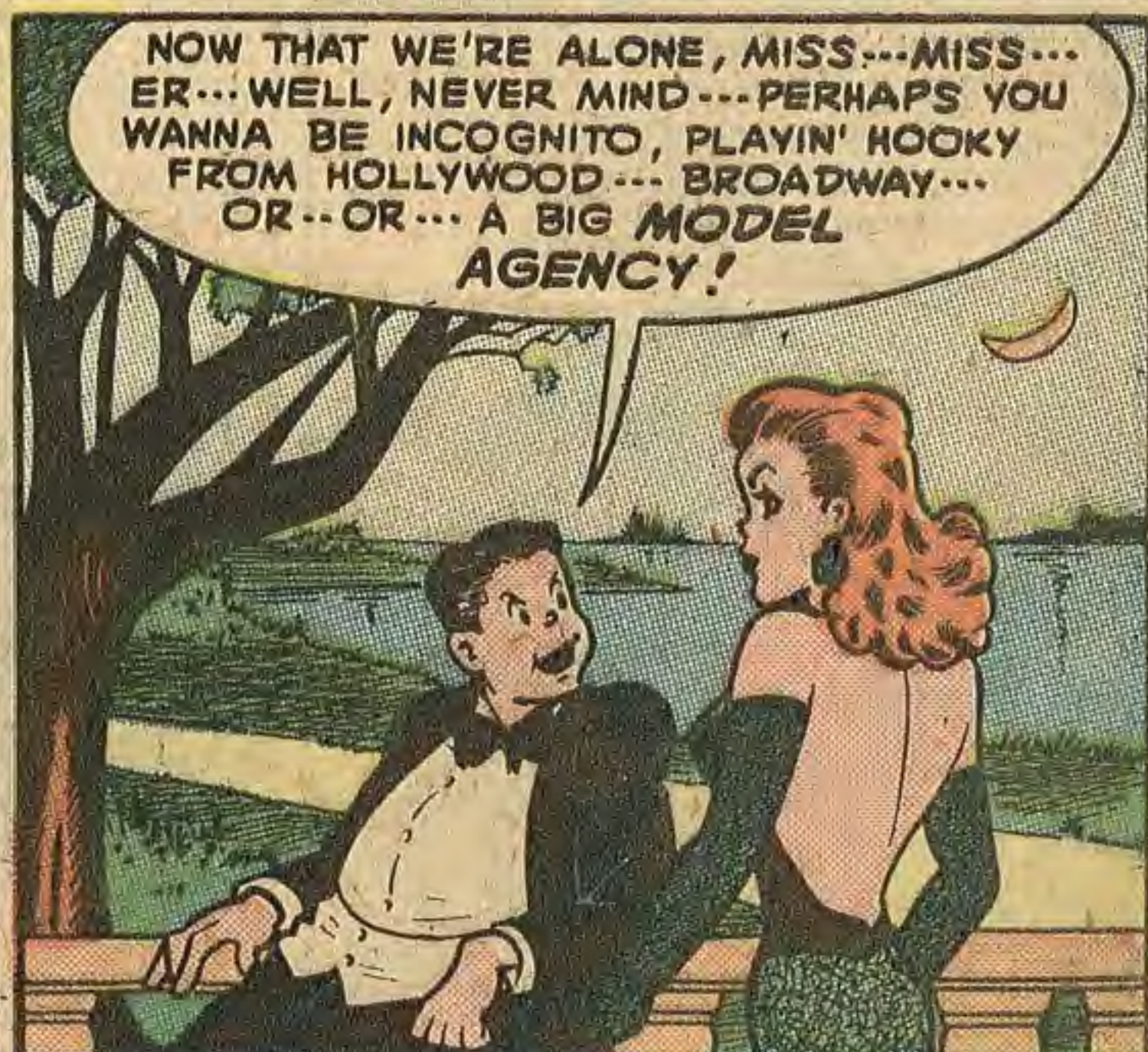


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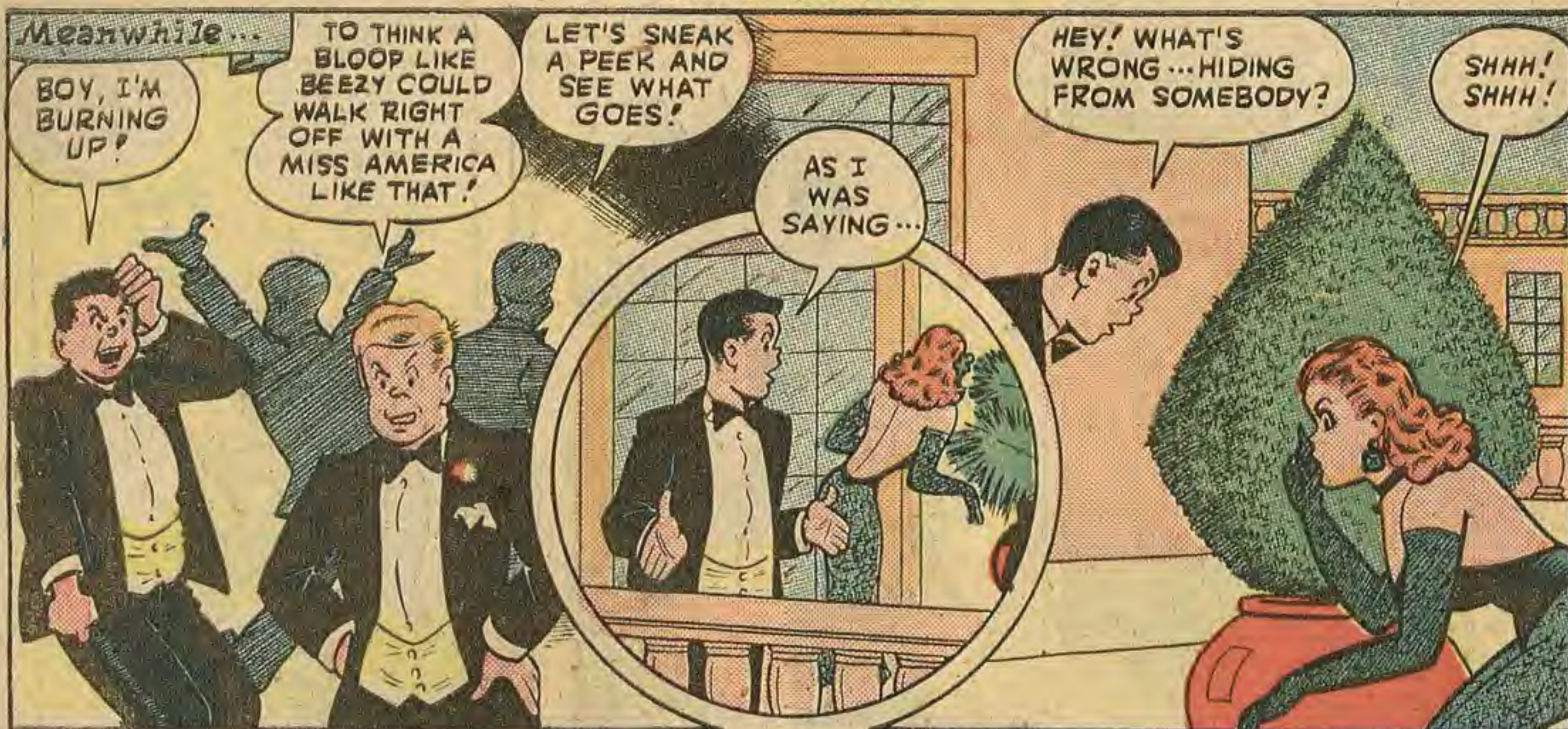




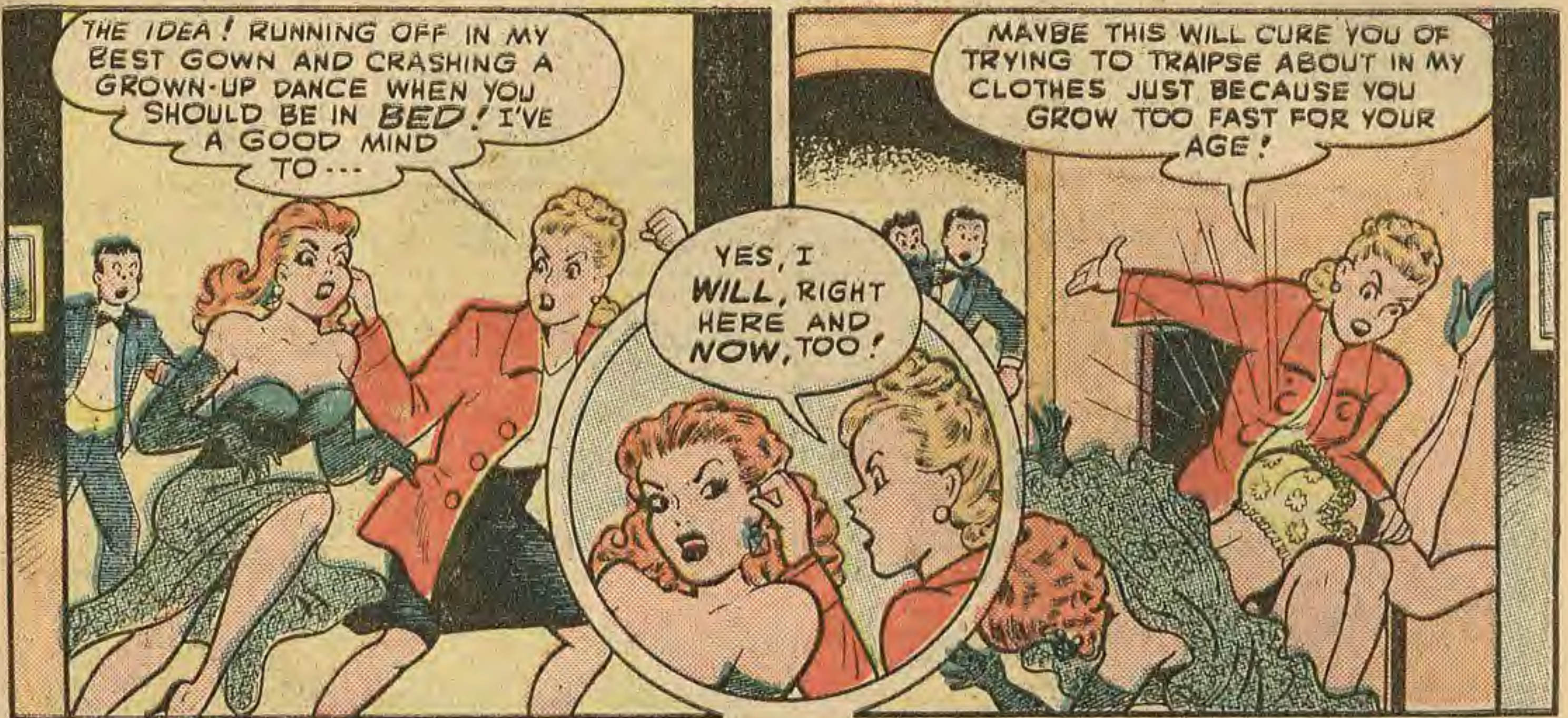
# CRACK COMICS















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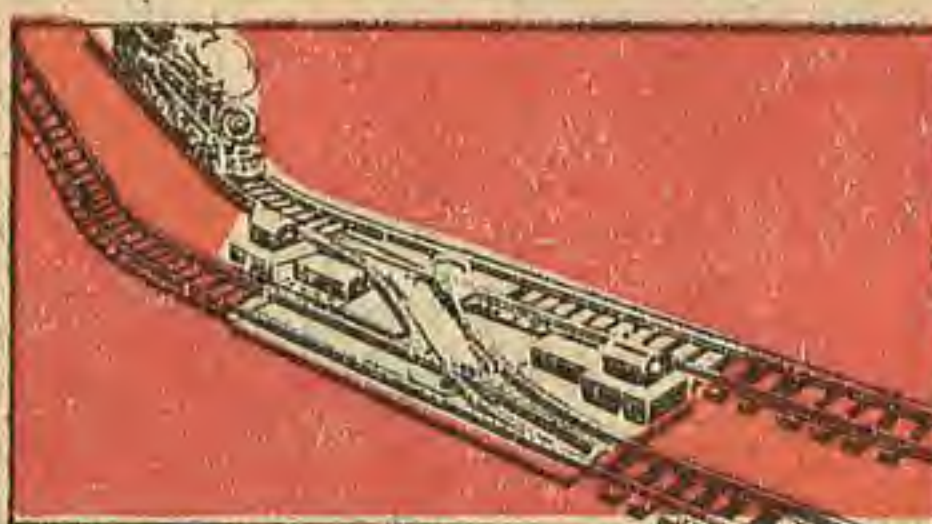
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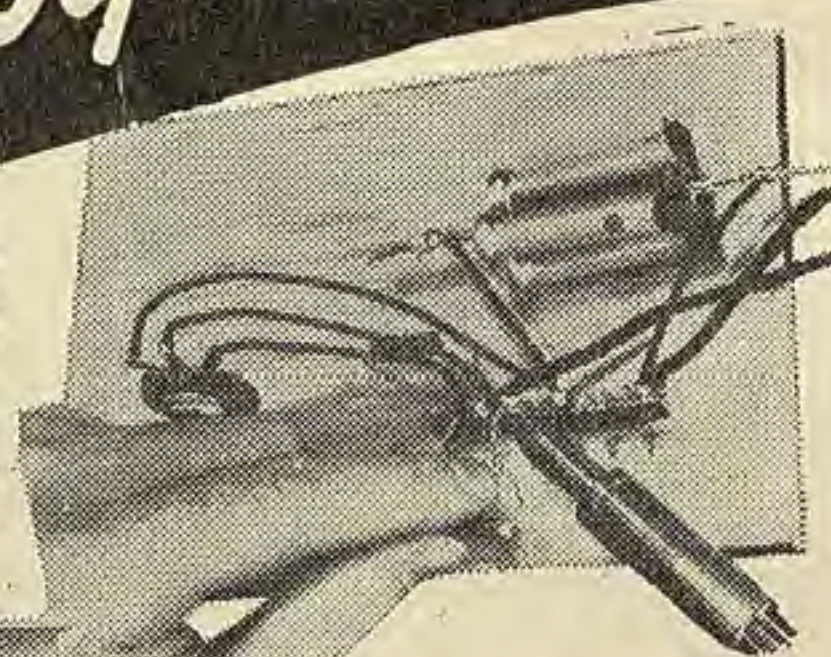
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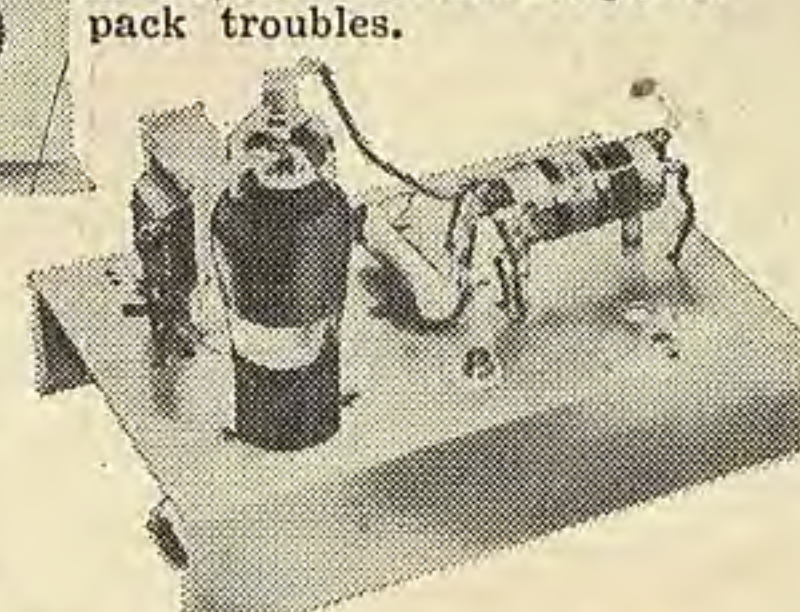
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